THE BOND-MAN.

AN ANTIENT STORIE.

As it hath been often Acted with good allowance, at the Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*: by the most Excellent Princesse, the Lady ELIZABETH her Seruants.

By *Phillip Massinger*.



LONDON,
Printed by *Edw: Allde*, for *Iohn Harison* and *Edward Blackmore*, and are to be sold at the great South dore of Pauls.
1624.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Timolion, *the Generall of* Corinth.
Archidamus, *the Pretor of* Siracuſa.
Diphilus, *a Senator of* Siracuſa.
Cleon, *a fat impotent Lord.*
Piſander, (*diſguiſde*) *a Gentleman of* Thebes.
Leoſthenes, *a Gentleman of* Siracuſa *enamourd of* Cleora.
Aſotus, *a fooliſh Louer, and the ſonne of* Cleon.
Timagoras, *the Sonne of* Archidamus.
Cleora, *Daughter of* Archidamus.
Coriſca, *a proud wanton Lady, wife to* Cleon.
Olimpia, *a rich Widdow.*
Statilia, *Siſter to* Piſander, *ſlaue to* Cleora.
Zanthia, *Slaue to* Coriſca.
Poliphron, (*diſguiſde*) *friend to* Piſander.
Gracculo. } Bond-men.
Cimbrio. }
A Iaylor,

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The Right Honourable, my ſingular good Lord, PHILIP Earle of *Mountgomery*, Knight of the moſt Noble order of the Garter, &c.

Right Honourable,

HOw euer I could neuer arriue at the happineſſe to be made knowne to your Lordſhip, yet a deſire borne with me, to make tender of all duties, and ſeruice, to the Noble Family of the *Herberts*, deſcended to me as an inheritance from my dead Father, *Arthur Maſſinger*. Many yeares hee happily ſpent in the ſeruice of your Honourable Houſe, and dyed a ſeruant to it; leauing his, to be euer moſt glad, and ready, to be at the command of al ſuch, as deriue themſelues from his moſt honour'd Maſter, your Lordſhips moſt noble Father. The conſideration of this, encouraged me (hauing no other meanes to preſent my humbleſt ſeruice to your Honour) to ſhrowde this trifle, vnder the

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wings of your Noble protection; and I hope out of the clemency of your Heroique diſpoſition, it will finde, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet at the worſt a gratious pardon. When it was firſt Acted, your Lordſhips liberall ſuffrage taught others to allow it for currant, it hauing receaued the vndoubted ſtampe of your Lordſhips allowance: and if in the peruſall of any vacant houre, when your Honours more ſerious occaſions ſhall giue you leaue to reade it, it anſwer in your Lordſhips iudgement, the report and opinion it had vpon the Stage, I ſhall eſteeme my labours not ill imployde, and while I liue continue,

The humbleſt

of thoſe

that truly honour your Lordſhip,

Philip Maſſinger.

The *Authors* Friend to the Reader.

THe PRINTERS *haſte calls on; I muſt not driue*
My time paſt Sixe, *though I begin at* Fiue.
One houre I haue entire; and 'tis enough,
Here are no Gipſie Iigges, *no* Drumming ſtuffe,
Dances, *or other* Trumpery *to delight,*
Or take, by common way, the common ſight.
The AVTHOR *of this* POEM, *as he dares*
To ſtand th'anſtereſt Cenſure; ſo he cares,
As little what it is. His owne, Beſt way
Is to be Iudge, *and* AVTHOR *of his* PLAY.
It is his Knowledge, *makes him thus ſecure;*
Nor do's he write to pleaſe, but to endure.
And (Reader) if you haue disburs'd a ſhilling,
To ſee this worthy STORY, *and are willing*
To haue a large encreaſe; (if rul'd by me)
You may a MARCHANT, *and a* PORT *be.*
'Tis granted for your twelue-pence you did ſit,
And See, *and* Heare, *and* Vnderſtand *not yet.*
The AVTHOR *(in a Chriſtian pitty) takes*
Care of your good, and Prints it for your ſakes.
That ſuch as will but venter Six-pence more,
May Know, *what they but* Saw, *and* Heard *before:*
'Twill not be money loſt, if you can reed,
(Ther's all the doubt now,) but your gaines exceed
If you can Vnderſtand, *and you are made*
Free of the freeſt, and the nobleſt Trade.
And in the way of POETRY, *now adayes,*
Of all that are call'd Workes *the beſt are* PLAYES.

W. B

The Author's Introduction.

Tunis.

The Bond-man.

Actus Primi. Scæna Prima.

Enter Timagorus, and Leoſthenes.

Timagorus.

WHy ſhould you droope *Leoſthenes*, or diſpaire
My Sifters fauour? what before you purchaſed
By Court-ſhip, and faire language in theſe Wars,
(For from her ſoule you know ſhe loues a Souldier)
You may deſerue by action:

Leoſt. Good *Timagorus*
When I haue ſaid my friend; thinke all is ſpoken
That may aſſure me yours; and pray you beleeue
The dreadfull voice of warre that ſhakes the City,
The thundring threates of *Carthage*; nor their Army
Raiſde to make good thoſe threats, affright not me.
If faire *Cleora* were confirmd his prize,
That has the ſtrongeſt Arme, and ſharpeſt Sword,
I would court *Bellona* in her Horrid-trime,
As if ſhe were a Miſtriſſe, and bleſſe Fortune
That offers my young valour to the prooſe,
How much I dare doe for your Sifters loue.
But when that I conſider how auerſe
Your noble Father great *Archidamus*;
Is, and hath euer beene to my deſires:
Reaſon may warrant me to doubt and feare:
What ſeeds ſoeuer I ſowe in this warres
Of Noble courage, his determinate will

May blaſt, and giue my harueſt to another
That neuer toyld for it.
Timag. Prethee doe not nouriſh
Theſe iealous thoughts: I am thine, (and pardon me
Though I repeate it thy *Timagoras*)
That for thy ſake, when the bold *Theban* ſu'd
Farre fam'd *Piſander*, for my ſiſters loue,
Sent him diſgrac'd, and diſcontented home.
I wrought my Father then, and I that ſtept not
In the careere of my affection to thee,
When that renowned Worthy that brought with him
High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd Aduocates
To mediate for him, neuer will conſent
A foole that only has the ſhape of man,
Aſotas, though he be rich *Cleons* Heire
Shall beare her from thee. *Enter Piſander.*
Leoſ. In that truſt I loue,
Timag. Which neuer ſhall deceiue you.
Piſander. Sir the Generall
Timoleon by his Trumpets hath giuen warning
For a remoue.
Timagoras. 'Tis well, prouide my Horſe.
Piſander. I ſhall Sir. *Exit Piſander.*
Leoſt. This Slaue has a ſtrange aſpect.
Timag. Fit for his fortune, 'tis a ſtrong limm'd knaue;
My Father bought him for my Siſters Litter.
O pride of women! Coaches are too common,
They ſurfet in the happineſſe of peace,
And Ladyes thinke they keepe not ſtate enough,
If for their pompe, and eaſe, they are not borne
In triumph on mens ſhoulders.
Leoſt. Who Commands
The *Carthagenian* Fleet?
Timag. *Giſcos* their Admirall,
And tis our happineſſe: a rawe young fellow,
One neuer traind in Armes, but rather faſhiond
To tilt with Ladyes lips, then cracke a Launce,
Rauiſh a Feather from a Miſtriſſe Fanne

And weare it as a Fauour; a ſteele Helmet
Made horrid with a glorious Plume, will cracke
His womans necke.
Leoſt. No more of him, the motiue's
That *Corinth* giues vs ayde:
Timag. The common danger
For *Sicily* being afire, ſhe is not ſafe;
It being apparant that ambitious *Carthage*,
That to enlarge her Empire, ſtriues to faſten
An vniuſt gripe on vs (that liue free Lords
Of *Syracuſa*) will not end, till *Greece*
Acknowledge her their Soueraigne.
Leoſt. I am ſatisfied.
What thinke you of our Generall?
Timag. He is a man *A Trumpet ſounds.*
Of ſtrange and reſerude parts; But a great Souldier,
His Trumpets call vs, I'le forbeare his Character.
To morrow in the Senate houſe at large,
He will expreſſe himſelfe.
Leoſt. Ile follow you. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS I. SCÆNA II.

Cleon, Coriſca, Graccule.

Coriſca. Nay good Chucke.
Cleon. I haue ſaid it; Stay at home,
I cannot brooke with gadding, you are a faire one,
Beauty inuites temptation, and ſhort heeles
Are ſoone tripd vp.
Coriſca. Deny me, by my honour
You take no pitty on me. I ſhall ſwoune
Aſſoone as you are abſent, aske my Man elſe,
You know he dares not tell a lie.
Graccule. Indeed,
You are no ſooner out of ſight, but ſhee
Does feele ſtrange qualmes, then ſends for her young Doctor
Who miniſters phiſicke to her, on her backe,
Her Ladyſhip lying as ſhe were enthranced.

(I haue peeped in at the key hole and obserued them)
And sure his Potions neuer faile to worke,
For she is so pleasant, in the taking them
She tickles againe.

Corisca. And alls to make you merry
When you come home.

Cleon. You flatter me, I am old,
And Wisdome cries beware.

Corisca. Old, Ducke to me
You are young *Adonis.*

Grac. Well said *Venus,*
I am sure she *Vulcans* him.

Coris. I will not change thee
For twenty boistrous young things without Beards.
These bristles giue the gentlest Tittillations,
And such a sweet dew flowes on them, it cures
My lippes without Pomatum; heres a round belly,
'Tis a Downe pillow to my backe. I sleepe
So quietly by it; and this tunable nose
(Faith when you heare it not) affords such musicke,
That I curse all night Fidlers.

Grace. This is grosse,
Not finde she flouts him.

Coris. As I liue I am iealous.

Cleon. Iealous! of me Wife?

Coris. Yes, and I haue reason,
Knowing how lusty and actiue a man you are.

Cleon. Hum, hum!

Grace. This is no cunning queane! flight, she will make him
To thinke, that like a Stagge he has cast his homes,
And is growne young againe.

Coris. You haue forgot what you did in your sleepe,
And when you wakd cald for a Cawdle.

Grace. 'Twas in his sleepe,
For waking I durst trust my Mother with him.

Coris. I long to see the man of warre *Cleora*
Archadamus Daughter goes, and rich *Olimpia,*
I will not misse the showe.

Cleon. There's no contending,
For this time I am pleas'd, but I'll no more on't. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS I. SCÆNA III.

Archidamus, Cleon. Diphilus, Olimpia. Coriſca, Cleora, Zanthia.

Archidamus. So careleſſe we haue beene, my noble Lords,
In the diſpoſing of our owne affaires,
And ignorant in the Art of gouernment,
That now we need a ſtranger to inſtruct vs.
Yet we are happy, that our neighbour *Corinth*
(Pittying the vniuſt gripe *Carthage* would lay
On *Siracuſa*) hath vouchſafed to lend vs
Her man of men *Timoleon* to defend
Our Country, and our Liberties.
Diphilus. Tis a fauour
We are vnworthy of, and we may bluſh,
Neceſſity compels vs to receiue it.
Archid. O ſhame! that we that are a populous Nation,
Ingag'd to liberall nature, for all bleſſings
An Iland can bring forth; we that haue limbs
And able bodies; Shipping, Armes, and Treaſure,
The ſinnewes of the Warre, now we are call'd
To ſtand vpon our Guard, cannot produce
One fit to be our Generall.
Cleon. I am olde and fat,
I could ſay ſomething elſe.
Archid. We muſt obey
The time, and our occaſions, ruinous buildings,
Whoſe baſes and foundations are infirme
Muſt vſe ſupporters; we are circled round
With danger, o're our heads with ſayle ſtretch'd wings,
Deſtruction houers; and a cloud of miſchiefe
Ready to breake vpon vs; no hope left vs
That may diuert it, but our ſleeping vertue
Rowſd vp by braue *Timoleon.*
Cleon. When arriues he?

Diphil. He is expected euery houre.
Archid. The braueries
Of *Syracusa*, among whom my sonne
Timagorus, *Leosthenes*, and *Asotas*
(Your hopefull heire Lord *Cleon*) two dayes since
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The Citie, euery minute we expect
To be blessed with his presence.
Cleon. What shout's this?
Diphilus. Tis seconded with lowd Musique.
Archid. Which confirmes
His wish'd for entrance. Let vs entertaine him
With all respect, solemnity, and pompe,
A man may merit, that comes to redeeme vs
From slauery, and oppression.
Cleon. Ile locke vp
My doores, and gard my gold; these Lads of *Corinth*
Haue nimble fingers, and I feare them more
Being within our walls, then those of *Carthage*,
They are farre off.
Archid. And Ladies be it your care
To welcome him, and his followers with all duty:
For rest resolu'd; their hands, and swords, must keepe you
In that full height of happinesse you liue:
A dreadfull change else followes. *Exeunt Arch. Cleon. Diphilus.*
Olimpia. We are instructed.
Corisca. Ile kisse him for the honor of my Country,
With any she in *Corinth*.
Olimpia. Were he a Courtier,
I haue sweet meat in my Closet should content him
Be his pallat ne're so curious.
Corisca. And if neede be
I haue a Couch, and a banquetting house in my Orchard,
Where many a man of honour has not scorn'd
To spend an afternoone.
Olimpia. These men of warre
As I haue heard, know not to court a Lady.
They cannot praise our dressings, kisse our hands,

Vsher vs to our Litters, tell loue Stories;
Commend our feet, and legs, and so search vpwards.
A sweet becomming boldnesse: they are rough,
Boystrous and sawcy, and at the first sight
Ruffle, and towse vs, and as they finde their stomacks
Fall roundly to it.

Corisc. Troth I like em the better.
I cannot endure to haue a perfum'd Sir
Stand cringing in the hammes; licking his lips,
Like a Spaniell o're a Firmenty pot, and yet
Has not the boldnesse to come on, or offer
What they know we expect.

Olimpia. We may commend
A Gentlemans modesty, manners, and fine language,
His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,
The wearing of his cloathes, his faire complexion,
Take presents from him, and extoll his bounty,
Yet, though he obserue, and waste his state vpon vs,
If he be stanch and bid not for the stocke
That we were borne to traffick with; the truth is
We care not for his company.

Corisc. Musing *Cleora?*

Olimp. She's studying how to entertaine these Strangers,
And to engrosse them to her selfe.

Cleora. No surely,
I will not cheapen any of their Wares,
Till you haue made your Market: you will buy
I know at any rate.

Corisc. She has giuen it you.

Olimpia. No more, they come.
The first kisse for this Iewell.

Archid. It is your seate.

Dipbil. Which with a generall suffrage
As to the supreame Magistrates surely tenders,
And prayes *Timoleon* to accept.

Timoleon. Such honours
To one ambitious of rule or titles;
Whose heauen on earth, is plac'd in his commaund,

Enter Timager. Leosthenes, Asotus, Timoleon in blacke, led in by Archid. Diphilus, Cleon. followed by Pisander, Graccolo, Cymbrio, and others.

And abſolute power on others; would with ioy,
And veynes ſwolne high with pride, be entertain'd.
They take not me: for I haue euer lou'd
An equall freedome: and proclaym'd all ſuch
As would vſurpe on others liberties,
Rebels to nature, to whoſe bounteous bleſſings
All men lay clayme as true legitimate ſonnes.
But ſuch as haue made forfeit of themſelues
By vicious courſes, and their birthright loſt;
Tis not iniuſtice they are mark'd for ſlaues
To ſerue the vertuous; for my ſelfe, I know
Honours and great imployments are great burthens,
And muſt require an *Atlas* to ſupport them.
He that would gouerne others, firſt ſhould be
The Maſter of himſelfe, richly indude
With depth of vnderſtanding, height of courage,
And thoſe remarkable graces which I dare not
Aſcribe vnto my ſelfe.

Archid. Sir, empty men
Are Trumpets of their owne deſerts: but you
That are not in opinion, but in proofe
Really good, and full of glorious parts,
Leaue the report of what you are to fame,
Which from the ready tongues of all good men
Aloud proclaimes you.

Diphil. Beſides you ſtand bound
Hauing ſo large a field to exerciſe
Your actiue vertues offerd you, to impart
Your ſtrengths to ſuch as need it.

Timoleon. Tis confeſſed.
And ſince you'll haue it ſo, ſuch as I am
For you and for the liberty of *Greece*
I am moſt ready to lay downe my life:
But yet conſider men of *Syracuſa*,
Before that you deliuer vp the power
Which yet is yours to me, to whom tis giuen
To an impartiall man, with whom nor threats,
Nor prayers ſhall preuaile, for I muſt ſteere

An euen course.

Archid. Which is desir'd of all.

Timoleon. *Timophanes* my brother, for whose death
I am taynted in the world, and foulely taynted,
In whose remembrance I haue euer worne
In peace and warre, this liuory of sorrow
Can witnesse for me, how much I detest
Tyrannous Vsurpation: with griefe
I must remember it, for when no persuasion
Could winne him to desist from his bad practise,
To change the Aristocracie of *Corinth*
Into an absolute Monarchy; I chose rather
To proue a pious and obedient sonne
To my Country my best mother, then to lend
Assistance to *Timophanes*, though my brother
That like a Tyrant stroue to set his foote
Vpon the Cities freedome.

Timagoras. 'Twas a deed
Deseruing rather Trophees, then reproofe.

Leost. And will be still remembred to your honor
If you forsake not vs.

Diphilon. If you free *Sicilie*
From barbarous *Carthage* yoke, it will be said,
In him you slew a Tyrant.

Archid. But giuing way
To her inuasion, not vouchsafing vs
(That flie to your protection) ayde, and comfort,
Twill beleeu'd, that for your priuate ends
You kild a brother.

Timoleon. As I then proceed,
To all posterity may that act be crownd
With a deseru'd applause, or branded with
The marke of infamy; Stay yet, ere I take
This seat of Iustice, or ingage my selfe
To fight for you abroad, or to reforme
Your State at home, sweare all vpon my sword,
And call the gods of *Sicily* to witnesse

The oath you take; that whatsoeuer I shall
propound for safety of your Common-wealth,
Not Circumscrib'd or bound in, shall by you
Be willingly obey'd.

Archid. Dip. Cleon. So may we prosper,
As we obey in all things.

Timag. Leost. Aso. And obserue
All your commands as Oracles.

Timoleon. Doe not repent it. *Takes the State.*

Olimpia. He asked not our consent.

Corisca. Hee's a clowne, I warrant him.

Olimp. I offred my selfe twice, and yet the Churle
Would not salute me.

Coris. Let him kisse his Drumme,
Ile saue my lips, I rest on it.

Olimpia. He thinkes women
No part of the republique.

Coris. He shall finde
We are a Common-wealth.

Cleora. The lesse your honour.

Timoleon. First then a word or two, but without bitternesse,
(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer)
Concerning your ill gouernment of the State,
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,
Stand in the first file guilty.

Cleon. Ha! how's this?

Timoleon. You haue not, as good Patriots should doe, studied
The publike good, but your particuler ends.
Factious among your selues, preferring such
To Offices, and honours, as ne're read
The Elements, of sauing policie,
But deepely skild in all the principles,
That vsher to destruction.

Leost. Sharpe.

Timagor. The better.

Timoleon. Your Senate house, which vs'd not to admit
A man (how euer populer) to stand
At the Helme of gouernment; whose youth was not

Made glorious by action, whose experience
Crown'd with gray haires, gaue warrant to her counsels
Heard, and receiu'd with reuerence, is now fild
With greene heads that determine of the State
Ouer their Cups: or when their sated lusts
Afford them leisure, or suppli'd by those
Who rising from base arts, and sordid thrift
Are eminent for their wealth, not for their wisdome.
Which is the reason, that to hold a place
In Counsell, which was once esteem'd an honour,
And a reward for vertue, hath quite lost
Lustre, and Reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.

Timag. Hee speakes home.

Leost. And to the purpose.

Timoleon. From whence it proceeds,
That the treasure of the City is ingros'd
By a few priuate men: the publique Coffers
Hollow with want; and they that will not spare
One Talent for the common good, to feed
The pride and brauery of their Wiues, consume
In Plate, in Iewels, and superfluous slaues,
What would maintaine an Armie.

Corisc. Haue at vs.

Olymp. We thought we were forgot.

Cleor. But it appeares,
You will be treated of.

Timol. Yet in this plenty,
And fat of peace, your young men ne're were train'd
In Martiall discipline, and your ships vnrig'd,
Rot in the harbour, no defence prepar'de,
But thought vnusefull, as if that the gods
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you
A perpetuitie of pride and pleasure,
No change fear'd, or expected. Now you finde
That *Carthage* looking on your stupid sleepes,
And dull securitie, was inuited to
Inuade your Territories.

Arch. You haue made vs see, Sir,
To our shame the Countries sickneſſe now from you
As from a carefull, and a wiſe phiſitian
We doe expect the cure.
Timoleon. Old feſtred ſores
Muſt be lanc'd to the quicke and cauteriz'd,
Which borne with patience, after i'le apply
Soft Vnguents: For the maintenance of the warre
It is decreed all moneys in the hand,
Of priuate men, ſhall inſtantly be brought
To the publike Treaſurie.
Timag. This bites ſore.
Cleon. The Cure
Is worſe then the diſeaſe; Ile neuer yeeld to it.
What could the enemy, though victorious
Inflict more on vs? all that my youth hath toyld for
Purchas'd with induſtry, and preſeru'd with care
Forc'd from me in a moment.
Diph. This rough courſe
Will neuer be allowd of.
Timol. O blinde men!
If you refuſe the firſt meanes that is offer'd
To giue you health, no hope's left to recouer
Your deſp'rate ſickneſſe. Doe you prize your mucke
Aboue your liberties? and rather chooſe
To be made Bondmen, then to part with that
To which already you are ſlaues? or can it
Be probable in your flattering apprehenſions,
You can capitulate with the Conquerour
And keepe that yours, which they come to poſſeſſe,
And while you kneele in vaine, will ranſh from you?
But take your owne wayes, brood vpon your gold,
Sacrifice to your Idoll, and preſerue
The prey intire, and merit the report
Of carefull Steward, yeeld a iuſt account
To your proud Maſters, who with whips of Iron
Will force you to giue vp what you conceale,
Or teare it from your throates, Adorne your walls

With Persian Hangings wrought of Gold and Pearle;
Couer the floores on which they are to tread
With costly Median silkes; perfume the roomes
With Cassia, and Amber: where they are
To feast and reuell, while like seruile Groomes
You wayte vpon their trenchers; feed their eyes
With massie Plate vntill your Cupbords cracke
With the weight that they sustaine; set forth your Wiues
And Daughters in as many varyed shapes
As there are Nations, to prouoke their lusts,
And let them be imbrac'd before your eyes,
The object may content you; and to perfit
Their entertainment, offer vp your Sonnes,
And able men for Slaues; while you, that are
Vnfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starue
Vnpittied in some Desart, no friend by,
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionat teare,
In the remembrance of what once you were.

Leost. The blood turnes.

Timag. Obserue, how olde *Clear.* shakes,
As if in picture hee had showne him, what
He was to suffer.

Corisc. I am sicke, the man
Speakes poniards, and diseases.

Olimp. O my Doctor,
I neuer shall recouer.

Cleora. If a Virgin,
Whose speech was euer yet vsher'd with feare,
One knowing modestie, and humble silence
To be the choysest ornaments of our sexe,
In the presence of so many Reuerend men,
Strucke dumbe with terrour and astonishment,
Presume to cloath her thought in vocall sounds,
Let her finde pardon. First, to you, great Sir,
A bashfull Mayd's thankes, and her zealous prayers
Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to Heauen,
For all prosperitie, that the Gods can giue
To one, whose pietie must exact their care;

Thus lowe I offer.

Timol. Tis a happie Omen.
Riſe bleſt one, and ſpeake boldly : on my vertue
I am thy warrant; from ſo cleere a Spring
Sweet Riuers euer flow.

Cleora. Then thus to you
My noble Father, and theſe Lords, to whom
I next owe duty, no reſpect forgotten
To you my Brother, and theſe bolde young men
(Such I would haue them) that are, or ſhould be
The Cities Sword and Target of defence.
To all of you, I ſpeake; and if a bluſh
Steale on my cheekes, it is ſhowne to reproue
Your paleneſſe; willingly I would not ſay
Your cowardiſe, or feare: thinke you all treaſure
Hid in the bowels of the Earth, or Shipwrack'd
In *Neptunes* watry Kingdome, can hold weight
When Libertie, and Honour, fill one ſcale,
Triumphant Iuſtice ſitting on the beame?
Or dare you but imagine that your golde is
Too deare a ſalary for ſuch as hazard
Their blood, and liues in your defence? For me
An ignorant Girle, beare witneſſe heauen, ſo farre
I prize a Souldier, that to giue him pay
With ſuch Deuotion as our *Flamens* Offer
Their Sacrifices at the holy Altar,
I doe lay downe theſe jewels, will make ſale
Of my ſuperfluous Wardrobe to ſupply
The meaneſt of their wants.

Timoleon. Braue maſculine ſpirit!

Diphil. We are ſhowne to our ſhame what we in honour
Should haue taught others.

Archid. Such a faire example
Muſt needs be followed.

Timag. Euer my deare Siſter,
But now our Families glory.

Leoſt. Were ſhe Deform'd
The vertues of her minde would force a Stoicque

To sue to be her seruant.
Cleon. I must yeeld,
And though my heart blood part with it, I will
Deliuer in my wealth.
Asotas. I would say something,
But the truth is, I know not what.
Timol. We haue money,
And men must now be thought on.
Archid. We can presse
Of Labourers in the Countrey (men in-vr'd
To colde and heate) ten thousand.
Diph. Or if need be,
In roll of Slaues, lustie, and able Varlets,
And fit for seruice.
Cleon. They shall goe for me;
I will not pay and fight too.
Cleora. How! your Slaues?
O staine of Honour! once more, Sir, your pardon,
And to their shames, let me deliuer, what
I know in justice you may speake.
Timol. Most gladly,
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ,
Then your tongue, t'expresse them.
Cleora. Are you men?
(For Age may qualifie, though not excuse
The backwardnesse of these) able Young men?
Yet now your Countries libertie's at the stake,
Honour, and glorious tryumph, made the garland
For such as dare deserue them; a rich Feast
Prepar'd by Victory of immortall vyands,
Not for base men, but such as with their Swords
Dare force admittance, and will be her Guests,
And can you coldly suffer such rewards
To be propos'd, to Labourers and Slaues?
While you that are borne Noble (to whom these
Valued at their best rate, are next to Horses,
Or other Beasts of carriage) cry ayme,
Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth

Make

Make them become your maſters?

Timol. By my hopes,
There's fire and ſpirit enough in this to make
Therſites valiant.

Cleora. No; farre, farre be it from you,
Let theſe of meaner qualitie contend,
Who can indure moſt labour; Plough the earth,
And thinke they are rewarded, when their ſweat
Brings home a fruitfull Harueſt to their Lords;
Let them proue good Artificers, and ſerue you
For vſe and ornament, but not preſume
To touch at what is Noble; if you thinke them
Vnworthy to taſte of thoſe Cates you feed on,
Or weare ſuch coſtly garments; will you grant them
The priuiledge and prerogatiue of great mindes,
Which you were borne to? Honour, wonne in warre
And to be ſtiled preſeruers of their Countrey
Are Titles fit for free and generous Spirits,
And not for Bond-men: had I beene borne a man
And ſuch ne're dying glories made the prize
To bolde Heroicke Courage; By *Diana*,
I would not to my Brother, nay my Father,
Be brib'd to part with the leaſt peece of honour
I ſhould gaine in this action.

Timoleon. Shee's inſpir'd,
Or in her ſpeakes the Genius of your Countrey
To fire your blood in her defence. I am rap'd
With the imagination! Noble mayde,
Timoleon is your Souldier, and will ſweat
Drops of his beſt blood, but he will bring home
Triumphant conqueſt to you. Let me weare
Your colours, Lady, and though youthfull heates
That looke no further then your outward forme,
Are long ſince buryed in me, while I liue,
I am a conſtant louer of your minde,
That does tranſcend all preſidents.

Cleora. 'Tis an honour. *Gives her Scarfe.*
And ſo I doe receiue it.

Curſe.

Coriſc. Plague vpon it,
She has got the ſtart of vs. I could e'ne burſt
With enuy at her fortune.
Olimpia. A raw young thing,
We haue too much tongue ſometimes, our Husbands ſay,
And ſhe out-ſtrips vs.
Leoſt. I am for the journey.
Timag. May all Diſeaſes, ſloath and lechery bring,
Fall vpon him that ſtayes at home.
Archid. Though olde,
I will be there in perſon.
Diphil. So will I.
Me thinkes I am not what I was; her wordes
Haue made me younger, by a ſcore of yeares,
Then I was when I came hither.
Cleon. I am ſtill
Old *Cleon*, fat, and vnweldy, I ſhall neuer
Make a good Souldier, and therefore deſire
To be excuſde at home.
Aſotus. Tis my ſuite too.
I am a griffell, and theſe Spider fingers,
Will neuer hold a Sword. Let vs alone
To rule the Slaues at home, I can ſo yerke em,
But in my Conſcience, I ſhall neuer proue
Good Iuſtice in the warre.
Timoleon. Haue your deſires:
You would be burthens to vs, no way aydes.
Lead, faireſt, to the Temple, firſt we'le pay
A Sacrifice to the Gods for good ſucceſſe.
For, all great actions the wiſh'd courſe doe run,
That are, with their allowance, well begun. *Exeunt all but the Slaues.*
Piſander. Stay *Cymbrio*, and *Graeculo*.
Cymbrio. The buſineſſe?
Piſander. Meet me to morrow night, neere to the Groue
Neighbouring the Eaſt part of the Citie.
Graec. Well.
Piſander. And bring the reſt of our Condition with you,
I haue ſomething to impart, may breake our fetters,

If you dare ſecond me.
Cymbrio. Wee'l not fayle.
Gracc. A Cart-rope
Shall not binde me at home.
Piſander. Thinke on't, and proſper. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS II. SCÆNA I.

Archidamus, Timagoras, Leoſthenes with Gorgits, Piſander.

Archid. So, ſo, 'tis well, how doe I looke?
Piſander. Moſt ſprightfully.
Archid. I ſhrinke not in the ſhoulders, though I am olde,
I am tough, ſteele to the backe, I haue not waſted
My ſtocke of ſtrength in Feather-beds: heer's an arme too,
There's ſtuffe in't, and I hope will vſe a Sword
As well as any beardleſſe Boy of you all.
Timag. I am glad to ſee you, Sir, ſo well prepar'd,
To indure the trauaile of the warre.
Archid. Goe too ſirra,
I ſhall indure, when ſome of you keepe your Cabins,
For all your flaunting Feathers, nay *Leoſthenes*
You are welcome too, all friends, and fellowes now.
Leoſt. Your ſeruant Sir.
Archid. Piſh, leaue theſe Complements,
They ſtincke in a Souldiers mouth, I could be merry,
For now my Gowne's off, farewell Grauitie,
And muſt be bolde to put a queſtion to you,
Without offence, I hope.
Leoſt. Sir, what you pleaſe.
Archid. And you will anſwer truely?
Timagor. On our words, Sir.
Archid. Goe too, then, I preſume you will confeſſe,
That you are two notorious Whore-maiſters.
Nay ſpare your bluſhing, I haue beene wilde my ſelfe,
A ſnatch, or ſo, for Phyſicke, does no harme;
Nay, it is phyſicke, if vſ'd moderately,
But to lye at racke, and manger,

Leoft. Say we grant this,
For if we ſhould deny it, you'l not beleeue vs,
What will you inferre vpon it?
Archid. What you'l groane for,
I feare, when you come to the teſt. Old Stories tell vs
There is a Moneth cal'd October; which brings in
Colde weather, there are trenches too, 'tis rumor'd
In which to ſtand all night to the knees in water,
In Gallants breeds the tooth-ach, there's a ſport too
Nam'd lying *Perdieu*, (doe you marke me) tis a game,
Which you muſt learne to play at: now in theſe ſeaſons,
And choyſe varietie of Exerciſes,
(Nay I come to you) and faſts not for Deuotion,
Your rambling hunt-ſmocke, feeles ſtrange alterations,
And in a Froſty morning, lookes as if
He could with eaſe creepe in a pottle Pot
In ſtead of his Miſtris placket, then he Curſes
The time he ſpent in midnight viſitations;
And findes what he ſuperfluouſly parted with,
To be reported good, at length, and well breath'd,
But if retriu'd into his backe againe, *Enter Diphilus, and Cleora.*
Would keepe him warmer then a Scarlet waſt-coate,
Or an Armour linde with Furre. O welcome, welcome,
You haue cut off my diſcourſe, but I will perſit
My lecture in the Campe.
Diphil. Come, we are ſtay'd for,
The General's a fire for a remoue,
And longs to be in action.
Archid. Tis my wiſh too,
We muſt part, nay no teares, my beſt *Cleora*,
I ſhall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of bleſſings on thee, all that's mine,
I giue vp to thy charge, and ſirra, looke
You, with that care and reuerence obſerue her
Which you would pay to me, a kiſſe, farewell Girle.
Diphil. Peace wayte vpon you, faire one. *Exeunt Archid.*
Timag. Twere impertinence *Diphil. Piſander.*
To wiſh you to be careſull of your Honour,

That euer keepe in pay a Guard about you
Of faithfull vertues: Farewell friend, I leaue you
To wipe our kiſſes off, I know that Louers
Part with more circumſtance and ceremony,
Which I giue way to. *Exit Timagoras.*

Leoſt. Tis a noble fauour,
For which, I euer owe you, we are alone,
But how I ſhould begin, or in what language
Speake the vnwilling word, of parting from you,
I am yet to learne.

Cleora. And ſtill continue ignorant,
For I muſt be moſt cruell to my ſelfe,
If I ſhould teach you.

Leoſt. Yet it muſt be ſpoken,
Or you will chide my ſlackneſſe, you haue fir'd me
With the heate of noble action, to deſerue you,
And the leaſt ſparke of honour, that tooke life
From your ſweet breath, ſtill fan'd by it, and cheriſh'd,
Muſt Mount vp in a glorious flame, or I
Am much vnworthy.

Cleora. May it not burne heere,
And as a Sea-marke, ſerue to guide true Louers,
(Toſs'd on the Ocean of luxurious wiſhes)
Safe from the rockes of Luſt into the harbour,
Of pure affection? riſing vp an example,
Which after-times ſhall witneſſe, to our glory,
Firſt tooke from vs beginning.

Leoſt. Tis a happineſſe,
My duty to my Countrey, and mine Honour
Cannot conſent too, beſides, adde to theſe,
It was your pleaſure, fortifide by perſwaſion,
And ſtrength of reaſon, for the generall good,
That I ſhould goe.

Cleora. Alas, I then was wittie
To pleade againſt my ſelfe, and mine eye fix'd,
Vpon the hill of Honour, ne're deſcended
To looke into the vayle of certaine dangers,
Through which, you were to cut yout paſſage to it.

Leoſt. Ile ſtay at home then. *Cleora.* No

Cleora. No, that muſt not be,
For ſo to ſerue my own ends, and to gaine
A petty wreath my ſelfe; I rob you of
A certaine triumph, which muſt fall vpon you,
Or Vertue's turn'd a hand-maide to blinde Fortune:
How is my ſoule deuided! to confirme you,
In the opinion of the world, moſt worthy
To be belou'd, (with me you are at the heigth,
And can aduance no further) I muſt ſend you
To Court the Goddeſſe of ſterne Warre, who if
Shee ſee you with my eies, will ne're returne you,
But grow enamour'd of you.

Leoſt. Sweet, take comfort,
And what I offer you, you muſt vouchſafe me,
Or I am wretched; all the dangers, that
I can incounter in the War, are trifles;
My enemies abroad to be contemn'd;
The dreadfull foes, that haue the power to hurt me,
I leaue at home with you.

Cleor. With mee?

Leoſt. Nay, in you,
On euery part about you, they are arm'd
To fight againſt me.

Cleora. Where?

Leoſt. Ther's no perfection
That you are Miſtris of, but muſters vp
A Legion againſt me, and all ſworne
To my deſtruction.

Cleora. This is ſtrange!

Leoſt. But true, ſweet,
Exceſſe of loue can worke ſuch miracles.
Vpon this Iuory fore-head are intrench'd
Ten thouſand riuals, and theſe Sunnes command,
Supplies from all the world, on paine to forfeit
Their comfortable beames; theſe Rubie lips,
A rich Exchecquer to aſſure their pay;
This hand, *Sibillas* golden bough to guard them
Through Hell, and horror, to the *Elizian* Springs;

Which who'll not venter for? and ſhould I name
Such as the vertues of your minde inuite,
Their numbers would be infinite.
Cleora. Can you thinke,
I may be tempted?
Leoſt. You were neuer prou'd.
For me I haue conuers'd with you no farther,
Then would become a Brother. I ne're tun'd
Looſe Notes to your chaſte eares; or brought rich Preſents
For my Artillery, to batter downe,
The fortreſſe of your honour; nor endeuour'd
To make your blood runne high at ſolemne Feaſts
With Viands, that prouoke; (the ſpeeding Philtres)
I work'd no Baudes to tempt you; neuer practis'd
The cunning, and corrupting Arts they ſtudie,
That wander in the wilde Maze of deſire;
Honeſt ſimplicitie, and Truth were all
The Agents I imployd, and when I came
To ſee you, it was with that reuerence,
As I beheld the Altars of the gods;
And loue, that came along with me, was taught
To leaue his Arrowes, and his Torch behinde,
Quench'd in my feare to giue offence.
Cleora. And 'twas
That modeſty that tooke me, and preſerues me,
Like a freſh Roſe, in mine owne naturall ſweetneſſe;
Which ſulli'd with the touch of impure hands,
Looſe both ſent and beauty.
Leoſt. But, *Cleora*,
When I am abſent, as I muſt goe from you,
(ſuch is the cruelty of my fate) and leaue you
Vnguarded, to the violent aſſaults
Of looſe temptations; when the memory
Of my ſo many yeares of Loue, and ſeruice,
Is loſt in other obiects; when you are courted
By ſuch as keepe a Catalogue of their Conqueſts,
Wonne vpon credulous Virgins; when nor Father
Is here to owe you; Brother to aduiſe you;

Nor

Nor your poore ſeruant by, to keepe ſuch off,
By luſt inſtructed how to vndermine,
And blow your chaſtity vp; when your weake ſenſes
At once aſſaulted, ſhall conſpire againſt you;
And play the traytors to your ſoule, your vertue;
How can you ſtand? 'faith though you fall, and I
The iudge, before whom you then ſtood accus'd,
I ſhould acquit you.

Cleora. Will you then confirme,
That loue, and iealouſie, though of different natures,
Muſt of neceſſity be twins? the younger,
Created onely to defeate the elder,
And ſpoyle him of his Birth-right: 'tis not well.
Bnt being to part, I will not chide, I will not,
Nor with one ſillable, or teare expreſſe,
How deeply I am wounded with the arrowes
Of your diſtruſt: but when that you ſhall heare
At your returne, how I haue borne my ſelfe,
And what an auſtere penance I take on me,
To ſatisfie your doubts: when like a *Veſtall*
I ſhew you to your ſhame, the fire ſtill burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people ioyning with you in the wonder.
When by the glorious ſplendor of my ſuffrings,
The prying eies of iealouſie are ſtrucke blinde,
The Monſter too that feeds on feares, cu n ſtaru'd
For want of ſeeming matter to accuſe me,
Expect *Leoſthenes*, a ſharpe reproofe
From my iuſt anger.

Leoſt. What will you doe?

Cleora. Obey mee,
Or from this minute you are a ſtranger to me.
And doe it without reply: all ſeeing Sunne,
Thou witneſſe of my innocence, thus I cloſe
Mine eies againſt thy comfortable light,
Till the returne of this diſtruſtfull man,
Now binde 'em ſure, nay doo't, if vncompeld
I looſe this knot, vntill the hands that made it

Be pleas'd to vntie it, may conſuming plagues
Fall heauy on me, pray you guide me to your lips,
This kiſſe, when you come backe ſhall be a Virgin
To bid you welcome: Nay, I haue not done yet.
I will continue dumbe, and you once gone,
No Accent ſhall come from me: now to my chamber,
My Tombe, if you miſcarry: there I'le ſpend
My houres in ſilent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory,
And you confeſſe it, whither I liue or die,
My Chaſtity triumphs ouer your iealouſie.

ACTVS II. SCÆNA II.

Aſotus, Gracculo.

Aſot. You ſlaue, you Dogge, downe Curre.

Gracc. Hold, good young Maſter,
For pitties ſake.

Aſot. Now am I in my kingdome.
Who ſaies I am not valiant? I begin
To frowne againe, quake villaine.

Grac. So I doe, Sir,
Your lookes are Agues to me.

Aſot. Are they ſo Sir,
'Slight, if I had them at this bey, that flout me,
And ſay I looke like a ſheepe, and an Aſſe, I would make 'em
Feele, that I am a Lyon.

Gracc. Doe not rore, Sir,
As you are a valiant beaſt: but doe you know
Why you vſe me thus?

Aſot. I'le beat thee a little more,
Then ſtudy for a reaſon, O I haue it,
One brake a ieſt on me, and then I ſwore
Becauſe I durſt not ſtrike him, when I came home
That I would breake thy head.

Grac. Plague on his mirth,
I am ſure I mourne for't.

Aſot. Remember too, I charge you

To

To teach my Horſe good manners; yet this morning,
As I rode to take the ayre, th'untutor'd Iade
Threw me, and kic'kd me.

Grac. I thanke him for't.

Aſot. What's that?

Grac. I ſay, Sir, I'le teach him to hold his heeles,
If you will rule your fingers.

Aſot. I'le thinke vpon't.

Grac. I am bruiſde to ielly; better be a dogge,
Then ſlaue to a Foole or Coward.

Aſot. Heere's my Mother, *Enter Coriſca and Zanthia.*
Shee is chaſtiſing too: How braue we liue!
That haue our ſlaues to beat, to keepe vs in breath,
When we want exerciſe.

Coriſca. Careleſſe Harlotrie, *Striking her.*
Looke too't, if a Curle fall, or winde, or Sunne,
Take my Complexion off, I will not leaue
One haire vpon thine head.

Grac. Here's a ſecond ſhow
Of the Family of pride.

Coriſca. Fie on theſe waires,
I am ſtarv'd for want of action, not a gameſter left
To keepe a woman play; if this world laſt
A little longer with vs, Ladyes muſt ſtudie
Some new found Miſtery, to coole one another,
Wee ſhall burne to Cinders elſe; I haue heard there haue beene
Such Arts in a long vacation; would they were
Reueal'd to mee: they haue made my Doctor too
Phiſitian to the Army, he was vs'de
To ſerue the turne at a pinch: but I am now
Quite vnprouided.

Aſot. My Mother in law is ſure
At her deuotion.

Coriſc. There are none but our ſlaues left,
Nor are they to be truſted; ſome great women
(Which I could name) in a dearth of Viſitants,
Rather then be idle, haue beene glad to play
At ſmall game, but I am ſo queaſie ſtomack't,

And from my youth haue beene ſo vſde to Dainties,
I cannot taſte ſuch groſſe meate; ſome that are hungrie
Draw on their ſhoomakers, and take a fall
From ſuch as mend Mats in their Galleries;
Or when a Taylor ſettles a Petticoate on,
Take meaſure of his Bodkin: fie vpon't,
'Tis baſe; for my part, I could rather lie with
A Gallants breeches, and conceaue vpon 'em,
Then ſtoope ſo low.

Aſot. Faire Madam, and my Mother.

Coriſca. Leaue the laſt out, it ſmells rancke of the Countrie,
And ſhewes courſe breeding; your true Courtier knowes not
His Neece, or Siſter from another woman,
If ſhe be apt and cunning. I could tempt now
This foole, but he will be ſo long a working.
Then hee's my Husbands Sonne; the fitter to
Supply his wants, I haue the way already.
I'le trie, if it will take; when were you with
Your Miſtris, faire *Cleora*.

Aſot. Two daies ſithence,
But ſhee's ſo coy forſooth, that ere I can
Speake a pen'd ſpeech I haue bought, and ſtudied for her,
Her woman calls her away.

Coriſc. Here's a dull thing,
But better taught I hope, ſend of your man.

Aſot. Sirra, be gone.

Grac. This is the firſt good turne,
She euer did me. *Exit Gracculo.*

Coriſc. We'le haue a Scæne of mirth,
I muſt not haue you ſham'd for want of practiſe.
I ſtand here for *Cleora*, and doe you heare Minion,
(That you may tell her, what her woman ſhould do)
Repeat the leſſon ouer, that I taught you,
When my young Lord came to viſit me, if you miſſe
In a Syllable or poſture!

Zant. I am perfect.

Aſot. Would I were ſo: I feare I ſhall be out.

Coriſc. If you are, I'le helpe you in. Thus I walke muſing:

You are to enter, and as you paſſe by,
Salute my woman, be but bold enough,
You'le ſpeed I warrant you; begin.
Aſot. Haue at it.
'Saue thee ſweet heart. A kiſſe.
Zant. *Venus* forbid, Sir,
I ſhould preſume to taſte your honours lips
Before my Lady.
Coriſe. This is well on both parts.
Aſot. How does thy Lady?
Zant. Happy in your Lordſhip,
As oft as ſhe thinkes on you.
Coriſe. Very good,
This Wench will learne in time.
Aſot. Does ſhe thinke of me?
Zant. O Sir, and ſpeakes the beſt of you, admires
Your wit, your clothes, diſcourſe; and ſweares, but that
You are not forward enough for a Lord, you were
The moſt compleat, and abſolute man: I'le ſhew
Your Lordſhip a Secret.
Aſot. Not of thine owne?
Zant. O no, Sir,
'Tis of my Lady, but vpon your honour,
You muſt conceale it.
Aſot. By all meanes.
Zanthia. Some times
I lie with my Ladie, as the laſt night I did,
Shee could not ſay her prayers, for thinking of you;
Nay, ſhe talked of you in her ſleepe, and ſigh'd out,
O ſweet *Aſotus*, ſure thou art ſo backward,
That I muſt rauiſh thee, and in that feruor
She tooke me in her armes, threw me vpon her,
Kis'd me, and hug'd me, and then wak'd, and wept;
Becauſe 'twas but a dreame.
Coriſe. This will bring him on,
Or hee's a blocke. A good Girle!
Aſot. I am mad,
Till I am at it.

Zant. Be not put off, Sir,
With away, I dare not; fie you are immodest,
My Brother's vp, my Father will heare, shoot home, Sir,
You cannot misse the marke.

Asot. There's for thy counsaile.
This is the faireſt interlude, if it proue earneſt.
I ſhall wiſh I were a Player.

Coriſc. Now my turne comes.
I am exceeding ſicke, pray you ſend my Page
For young *Aſotus*, I cannot liue without him,
Pray him to viſit me, yet when hee's preſent,
I muſt be ſtrange to him.

Aſot. Not ſo: you are caught.
Loe whom you wiſh, behold *Aſotus* here!

Coriſc. You wait well, Minion, ſhortly I ſhall not ſpeake
My thoughts in my priuate Chamber, but they muſt
Lie open to diſcouery.

Aſot. 'Slid ſhee's angry.

Zant. No, no, Sir, ſhe but ſeemes ſo. To her againe.

Aſot. Lady, I would deſcend to kiſſe your hand,
But that 'tis glou'd, and Ciuit makes me ſicke;
And to preſume to taſte your lipps not ſafe,
Your woman by.

Coriſc. I hope ſhee's no obſeruer,
Of whom I grace. *Zant. Looks on a Booke, kiſſes her.*

Aſot. She's at her booke, O rare!

Coriſc. A kiſſe for entertainement is ſufficient:
Too much of one diſh cloyes me.

Aſotus. I would ſerue in
The ſecond courſe, but ſtill I feare your woman.

Coriſc. You are very cautelous. *Zanthia ſeemes to ſleepe.*

Aſotus. 'Slight ſhee's aſleepe!
'Tis pitty, theſe inſtructions are not printed:
They would ſell well to Chamber-maides, 'tis no time now
To play with my good fortune, and your fauour,
Yet to be taken, as they ſay: a ſcout
To giue the ſignall when the enemie comes, *Exit Zanthia.*
Were now worth gold: Shee's gone to watch.

A wayter ſo trayn'd vp were worth a million,
To a wanton Citie Madam.
Coriſc. You are growne conceited.
Aſotas. You teach me; Lady, now your Cabinet.
Coriſc. You ſpeake, as it were yours.
Aſotas. When we are there,
Ile ſhow you my beſt euidence.
Coriſc. Holde, you forget,
I onely play *Cleora's* part.
Aſotas. No matter,
Now we haue begun, let's end the act.
Coriſc. Forbeare, Sir,
Your Fathers wife?
Aſotas. Why, being his Heyre, I am bound,
Since he can make no ſatisfaction to you,
To ſee his debts payd. *Enter Zanthia running.*
Zanthia. Madame, my Lord.
Coriſc. Fall off,
I muſt trifle with the time too; Hell confound it.
Aſotas. Plague on his toothleſſe chaps, he cannot do't
Himſelfe, yet hinders ſuch as haue good ſtomacks. *Enter Cleon.*
Cleon. Where are you, Wife? I faine would goe abroad,
But cannot finde my Slaues, that beare my Litter:
I am tyr'd, your ſhoulder, Sonne; nay ſweet, thy hand too,
A turne or two in the Garden, and then to Supper,
And ſo to Bed.
Aſotas. Neuer to riſe, I hope, more. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS II. SCÆNA III.

Piſander, Poliphron, bringing forth a Table.

Piſander. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.
Polphron. You may doe your pleaſure:
But, in my judgement, better to make vſe of
The preſent opportunitie.
Piſander. No more. *Enter Cimbria, Graccula, and Slaues.*
Polphron. I am ſilenc'd.
Piſander. More wine, 'pray thee drinke hard, friend,

And when we are hot, what euer I propound,
Second with vehemency: men of your wordes, all welcome,
Slaues vſe no ceremonie, ſit downe, heer's a health,
Poliphron. Let it runne round, fill euery man his Glaſſe.
Gracc. We looke for no wayters; this is Wine.
Piſander. The better,
Strong, luſty wine: drinke deepe, this juyce will make vs
As free as our Lords. *Drinkes.*
Gracc. But if they finde, we taſte it,
We are all damn'd to the quarry, during life,
Without hope of redemption.
Piſander. Piſh, for that
Wee'l talke anon: another rowſe, we looſe time, *Drinkes.*
When our lowe blood's wound vp a little higher,
Ile offer my deſigne; nay, we are colde yet,
Theſe Glaſſes containe nothing; doe me right, *Takes the Bottle.*
As e're you hope for liberty. 'Tis done brauely,
How doe you feele your ſelues now?
Cimbrio. I begin
To haue ſtrange Conundrums in my head.
Gracc. And I,
To loath baſe water: I would be hang'd in peace now,
For one moneth of ſuch Holy-dayes.
Piſander. An age, Boyes,
And yet defie the Whip, if you are men,
Or dare belieue, you haue ſoules.
Cimbrio. We are no Broakers:
Gracc. Nor Whores, whoſe markes are out of their mouthes,
They hardly can get ſalt enough to keep 'em (they haue none,
From ſtinking aboue ground.
Piſander. Our Lords are no Gods?
Gracc. They are Diuels to vs, I am ſure.
Piſander. But ſubject to
Colde, hunger, and diſeaſes.
Gracc. In abundance.
Your Lord, that feeles no ach in his chine at twentie,
Forfeits his priuiledge, how ſhould their Chyrurgion build elſe,
Or ride on their Foot-cloathes?

Piſander. Equall

Piſander. Euen all nature faſhion'd vs
All in one molde: The Beare ſeruës not the Beare,
Nor the Wolfe, the Wolfe; 'twas odds of ſtrength in tyrants,
That pluck'd the firſt linke from the Golden chayne
With which that thing of things bound in the world.
Why then, ſince we are taught, by their examples,
To loue our Libertie, if not Command,
Should the ſtrong ſerue the weake, the faire deform'd ones?
Or ſuch as know the cauſe of thinges, pay tribute
To ignorant fooles? All's but the outward gloſſe
And politicke forme, that does diſtinguiſh vs.
Cymbrio, thou art a ſtrong man; if in place
Of carrying burthens, thou hadſt beene trayn'd vp
In Martiall diſcipline, thou mightſt haue prou'd
A Generall, fit to lead and fight for *Sicilie*,
As fortunate as *Timoleon*.

Cymbrio. A little fighting
Will ſerue a Generals turne.

Piſander. Thou, *Graccule*,
Haſt fluencie of Language, quicke conceite,
And I thinke, couer'd with a Senators robe,
Formally ſet on the Bench, thou wouldſt appeare
As braue a Senator.

Gracc. Would I had Lands,
Or money to buy a place; and if I did not, (Chayne,
Sleepe on the Bench, with the drowſieſt of 'em play with my
Looke on my Watch, when my guts chym'd twelue, and weare
A ſtate Beard, with my Barbers helpe, rancke with 'em,
In their moſt choyce peculiar guifts; degrade me
And put me to drinke Water againe, which (now
I haue taſted Wine) is to me poyſon.

Piſander. 'Tis ſpoke nobly,
And like a Gown-man, none of the leſt, I thinke too,
But would proue good Burgers.

Gracc. Hum: the fooles are modeſt,
I know their inſides: Here's an ill-fac'd fellow,
(But that will not be ſeene in a darke Shop,)
If he did not in a moneth, learne to out-ſweare,

In

In the ſelling of his Wares, the cunningeſt Tradeſman
In *Syracuſa*, I haue no skill; Here's another,
Obſerue but what a couſening looke he has,
(Hold vp thy head, man) if for drawing Gallants
Into mortgages for Commodities, cheating Heyres
With your new counterfeit Gold thred, and gumm'd Veluets,
He does not tranſcend all that went before him,
Call in his patent; paſſe the reſt, they'l all make
Sufficient Becos, and with their brow-antlets
Beare vp the Cap of maintenance.

Piſander. Is 't not pitty then,
Men of ſuch eminent vertues, ſhould be Slaues?

Cimbrio. Our fortune.

Piſander. Tis your folly, daring men
Commaund, and make their fates. Say, at this inſtant,
I mark'd you out a way to Libertie;
Poſſeſt you of thoſe bleſſings, our proud Lords
So long haue ſurfetted in; and what is ſweeteſt,
Arme you with power, by ſtrong hand to reuenge
Your ſtripes, your vnregarded toyle, the pride,
The inſolencie, of ſuch as tread vpon
Your patient ſuffrings; fill your famiſh'd mouthes,
With the fat and plentie of the Land; redeeme you
From the darke vale of Seruitude, and ſeate you
Vpon a hill of happineſſe; what would you doe
To purchaſe this and more?

Grace. Doe any thing,
To burne a Church or two, and dance by the light on't.
Were but a May-game.

Poliphron. I haue a Father liuing,
But if the cutting of his throat could worke this,
He ſhould excuſe me.

Cimbrio. 'Slight, I would cut mine owne,
Rather then miſſe it, ſo I might but haue
A taſte on't, ere I dye.

Piſander. Be reſolute men,
You ſhall runne no ſuch hazard, nor groane vnder
The burthen of ſuch crying ſinnes.

Cimbrio. The

Cimbrio. The meanes?
Gracculo. I feele a womans longing.
Poliphron. Doe not torment vs
With expectation.
Piſander. Thus then, our proud Maſters;
And all the able Freemen of the Citie
Are gone vnto the warres,
Poliphron. Obſerue but that.
Piſander, Old men, and ſuch as can make no reſiſtance,
Are onely left at home.
Gracculo. And the proud young foole
My Maſter: If this take, I'le hamper him.
Piſander. Their Arſenall, their Treaſure's in our power,
If we haue hearts to ſeaſe 'em, if our Lords fall
In the preſent action, the whole countrie's ours;
Say they returne victorious, we haue meanes
To keepe the Towne againſt them: at the worſt
To make our owne conditions: now if you dare
fall on their Daughters, and their wiues, breake vp
Their Iron Cheſts, banquet on their rich Beds,
And carue your ſelues of all delights and pleaſures
You haue beene barr'd from, with one voyce cry with me,
Libertie, Libertie.
All. Libertie, Libertie.
Piſander. Goe then, and take poſſeſſion; vſe all freedome,
But ſhed no blood: ſo this is well begun,
But not to be commended, til't be done. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTVS III. SCÆNA I.

Piſander. Timandra.

Piſander. Why, thinke you, that I plot againſt my ſelfe?
Feare nothing, you are ſafe, theſe thick-skinn'd ſlaues,
(I vſe as inſtruments to ſerue my ends)
Pierce not my deepe deſignes: nor ſhall they dare
To lift an arme againſt you.
Timandra. With your will.
But turbulent ſpirits rais'd beyond themſelues

With eaſe, are not ſo ſoone layd: they oft proue
Dangerous to him that call'd them vp.
Piſander. Tis true,
In what is raſhly vndertooke. Long ſince
I haue conſidered ſeriouſly their natures
Proceeded with mature aduiſe, and know
I hold their will, and faculties in more awe
Then I can doe my owne. Now for their Licence,
And ryot in the Citie, I can make
A iuſt defence, and vſe: it may appeare too
A polliticke preuention of ſuch ills
As might with greater violence, and danger
hereafter be attempted; though ſome ſmart for't,
It matters not: how euer, I am reſolu'd;
And ſleepe you with ſecurity. Holds *Cleora*
Conſtant to her raſh vow?
Timandra. Beyond beleefe;
To me, that ſee her hourely, it ſeemes a fable.
By ſignes I gheſſe at her commands, and ſerue 'em:
With ſilence, ſuch her pleaſure is, made knowne
By holding her faire hand thus; ſhe eates little,
Sleepes leſſe, as I imagine; once a day
I leade her to this Gallery, where ſhe walkes
Some halfe a dozen turnes, and hauing offred
To her abſent Saint a ſacrifice of ſighes,
She points backe to her priſon.
Piſander. Guide her hither,
And make her vnderſtand the ſlaues reuolt.
And with your vtmoſt eloquence enlarge
Their inſolence, and Rapes done in the Citie,
Forget not to, I am their chiefe, and tell her
You ſtrongly thinke my extreame dotage on her,
As I am *Marullo*, caus'd this ſodaine vprore,
To make way to enioy her.
Timandra. Punctually
I will diſcharge my part. *Exit Timandra. Enter Poliphron.*
Poliphron. O Sir, I ſought you.
You haue mis'd the beſt ſport. Hell, I thinke is broke looſe,

There's

There's such varietie of all disorders,
As leaping, shooting, drinking, dancing, whoring
Among the slaues; answer'd with crying, howling,
By the Citizens and their wiues: such a confusion,
(In a word, not to tyre you) as I thinke
The like was neuer reade of.

Pisander. I share in
The pleasure, though I am absent. This is some
Reuenge for my disgrace.

Poliphron. But Sir; I feare,
If your authority restraine them not,
They'le fire the Citie, or kill one another,
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with so much.

Pisander. I will among 'em,
But must not long be absent.

Poliphron. At your pleasure.

ACTVS III. SCÆNA II.

Cleora, Timandra, a Chaire, a shout within.

Timandra. They are at our gates, my heart! affrights & horrors
Increase each minute: No way left to saue vs;
No flattering hope to comfort vs, or meanes
By miracle to redeeme vs from base lust,
And lawlesse rapine. Are there Gods, yet suffer
Such innocent sweetnesse to be made the spoile
Of brutish appetite? Or, since they decree
To ruine Natures master-peece (of which
they haue not left one patterne) must they choose,
To set their tyrannie of, slaues to pollute
The spring of chastitie, and poyson it
With their most loath'd embraces? and of those
He that should offer vp his life to guard it?
Marullo, curs'd *Marullo*, your owne Bond-man
Purchas'd to serue you, and fed by your fauours.
Nay, start not; it is he, here the grand Captaine *Cleora starts;*

Of these libidinous beasts, that haue not left
One cruell act vndone, that Barbarous conquest,
Yet euer practis'd in a captiue Citie.
He doting on your beauty, and to haue fellowes
In his foule sinne, hath rais'd these mutinous slaues,
Who haue begun the game by violent Rapes,
Vpon the Wiues and Daughters of their Lords:
And he to quench the fire of his base lust,
By force comes to enioy you: doe not wring *Cleora wrings her hands.*
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootlesse; vse the meanes
That may preserue you. 'Tis no crime to breake
A vow, when you are forc'd to it; shew your face,
And with the maiestie of commanding beautie,
Strike dead his loose affections; if that faile,
Giue libertie to your tongue, and vse entreaties,
There cannot be a breast of flesh, and bloud,
Or heart so made of flint, but must receiue
Impression from your words; or eies so sterne,
But from the cleere reflection of your teares
Must melt, and beare them company; will you not
Doe these good offices to your selfe? poore I then,
Can onely weepe your fortune; here he comes.

Pisander. He that aduances *Enter Pisander speaking at the doore.*
A foot beyond this, comes vpon my sword.
You haue had your wayes, disturbe not mine.

Timandra. Speake gently,
Her feares may kill her selfe.

Pisander. Now loue inspire me!
Still shall this Canopie of enuious night
Obscure my Suns of comfort? and those dainties
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, deny'd my famish'd senses?
The Organs of your hearing yet are open;
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe,
To giue them warrant, to conney vnto
Your vnderstanding parts the story of
A tortur'd and dispairing Louer, whom *Cleora shakes*
Not Fortune but affection makes your slaue.

Shake not, best Lady; for (beleeu't) you are
As farre from danger as I am from force.
All violence I'le offer, tendes no farther
Then to relate my suffrings, which I dare not
Presume to doe, till by some gratious signe
You shew, you are pleas'd to heare me.
Timandra. If you are,
Hold forth your right hand. *Cleora holdes forth her right hand.*
Pisandra. So, 'tis done, and I
With my glad lips seale humbly on your foot,
My soules thankes for the fauour: I forbeare
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours
I made exchange of to become your seruant:
And though I knew, worthy *Lysthenes*
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose loue
You haue endur'd so much) to be my riuall,
When rage, and iealousie counsail'd me to kill him,
(Which then I could haue done with much more ease,
Then now, in feare to grieue you, I dare speake it)
Loue seconded with duty boldly told me,
The man I hated, faire *Cleora* fauour'd,
And that was his protection. *Cleora bowes.*
Timandra. See, she bowes
Her head in signe of thankfulnesse.
Pisander. He remou'd,
By th'occasion of the war (my fires increasing
By being clos'd, and stop'd vp) franticke affection
prompted me to doe something in his absence,
That might deliuer you into my power,
Which you see is effected, and euen now,
When my rebellious passions chide my dulnesse,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes;
Now 'tis in my power to beare you hence, *Cleora starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, feare not Madam
True loue's a seruant, brutish lust a Tyrant)
I dare not touch those viands, that ne're taste well,
But when they are freely offred: only thus much,
Be pleas'd I may speake in my owne deare cause,

And thinke it worthy your conſideration.
I haue lou'd truly, (cannot ſay deſeru'd,
Since duty muſt not take the name of merit)
That I ſo farre priſe your content, before
All bleſſings, that my hopes can faſhion to mee,
That willingly I entertaine deſpayre,
And for your ſake embrace it. For I know,
This opportunity loſt, by no endeauour
The like can be recouer'd. To conclude,
Forget not, that I loſe my ſelfe, to ſaue you.
For what can I expect, but death and torture
The warre being ended? and, what is a taske
Would trouble *Hercules* to vndertake,
I doe deny you to my ſelfe, to giue you
A pure vnſpotted preſent to my riuall.
I haue ſaid, if it diſtaſte not, beſt of Virgins,
Reward my temperance with ſome lawfull fauour,
Though you contemne my perſon. *Cleora kneeles, then puls off*
Timandra. See, ſhe kneeles *her Glone, and offers her*
And ſeemes to call vpon the gods to pay *hand to Piſander.*
The debt ſhe owes your vertue. To performe which
As a ſure pledge of friendſhip, ſhe vouchſafes you
Her faire right hand. *Makes a lowe curtſie, as ſhe*
Piſander. I am payd for all my ſuffrings. *goes off.*
Now when you pleaſe, paſſe to your priuate Chamber:
My loue, and dutie, faithfull guards, ſhall keepe you
From all diſturbance; and when you are ſated
With thinking of *Leoſthenes*, as a fee
Due to my ſeruice, ſpare one ſigh for me.

Exeunt.

ACTVS III, SCÆNA III.

Graeculo leading Aſotus in an Apes habit, with a chaine about his necke. Zanthia, in Coriſcaes Cloathes, ſhe bearing vp her traine.

Graeculo. Come on, Sir.
Aſotus. Oh.
Grae. Doe you grumble? you were euer

A braineleſſe Aſſe, but if this hold, I'le teach you
To come aloft, and doe tricks like an Ape
Your mornings leſſon: if you miſſe ——
Aſotus. O no, Sir. *Aſotus makes moppes.*
Grac. What for the Carthaginians? a good beaſt.
What for our ſelfe your Lord? exceeding well. *Dances.*
There's your reward. Not kiſſe your pawe? So, ſo, ſo.
Zanthia. Was euer Lady the firſt daie of her honour
So waited on by a wrinkled crone? ſhe lookes now
Without her painting, curling, and perfumes
Like the laſt day of Ianuary; and ſtinkes worſe
Then a hot brach in the dogge daies. Further of,
So ſtand there like an image, if you ſtirre,
Till with a quarter of a looke I call you,
You know what followes.
Coriſca. O what am I falne to!
But 'tis a puniſhment for my luſt and pride,
Iuſtly return'd vpon me.
Gracculo. How doo'ſt thou like
Thy Ladiſhip *Zanthia*?
Zanthia. Very well, and beare it
With as much ſtate as your Lordſhip.
Gracculo. Giue me thy hand;
Let vs like conquering Romans walke in triumph,
Our captiues following. Then mount our Tribunals,
And make the ſlaues our footſtooles.
Zanthia. Fine by Ioue,
Are your hands cleane minion?
Coriſca. Yes forſooth.
Zanthia. Fall off then.
So now come on: and hauing made your three duties,
Downe I ſay, (are you ſtiffe in the hams?) now kneele,
And tie our ſhooe. Now kiſſe it and be happy.
Gracculo. This is ſtate indeed.
Zanthia. It is ſuch as ſhe taught me,
A tickling itch of greatneſſe, your proud Ladyes
Expect from their poore Waiters, we haue chang'd parts;
Shee does what ſhe fore'd me to doe in her raigne,
And I muſt practiſe it in mine. *Gracculo.*

Gracculo. 'Tis iuſtice;
O heere come more. *Enter Cymbrio, Cleon, Poliphron, Olympia.*
Cymbrio. Diſcouer to a Drachma,
Or I will famiſh thee.
Cleon. O I am pin'de already.
Cymbrio. Hunger ſhall force thee to cut off the brawnes
From thy armes and thighes, then broile them on the coles
For Carbonadoes.
Poliphron. Spare the olde Iade, he's foundred.
Gracculo. Cutt his throat then,
And hang him out for a ſcarre-Crowe.
Poliphron. You haue all your wiſhes
In your reuenge, and I haue mine. You ſee
I vſe no tyrannie: When I was her ſlaue,
She kept me as a ſinner to lie at her backe
In froſtie nights, and fed me high with dainties,
Which ſtill ſhe had in her belly againe e're morning,
And in requitall of thoſe curteſies
Hauing made one another free, we are marryed,
And if you wiſh vs ioy, ioyne with vs in
A Dance at our Wedding.
Gracculo. Agreed, for I haue thought of
A moſt triumphant one, which ſhall expreſſe, wee are Lords, and (theſe our ſlaues.
Poliphron. But we ſhall want
A woman.
Gracculo. No, here's Iane of Apes ſhall ſerue;
Carry your body ſwimming: where's the Muſicke?
Poliph. I haue plac'd it in yon Window. *The dance at the end.*
Gracculo. Begin then ſprightly. *Enter Piſander.*
Poliphron. Well done on all ſides. I haue prepar'd a Banquet;
Let's drinke, and coole vs.
Gracculo. A good motion,
Cymbrio. Wait heere,
You haue beene tyr'd with feaſting, learne to faſt now.
Grac. Ile haue an Apple for Iacke, and may be ſome ſcrapps
May fall to your ſhare *Exeunt Gracculo, Zanthia, Cymbrio,*
Coriſca. Whom can we accuſe *Poliphron, Olympia.*
But our ſelues for what we ſuffer? thou art iuſt

Thou

Thou all-creating power. And miſerie
Inſtructs me now, that yeſterday acknowledg'd,
No Deitie beyond my luſt and pride,
There is a heauen aboue vs, that lookes downe
With the eyes of Iuſtice, vpon ſuch as number
Thoſe bleſſings freely giuen, in the accompt
Of their poore merits: Elſe it could not be
Now miſerable I, to pleaſe whoſe pallat
The Elements were ranſack'd, yet complain'd
Of Nature, as not liberall enough
In her prouiſion of rarities
To ſoothe my taſte, and pamper my proud fleſh:
Now wiſh in vaine for bread:

Cleon. Yes, I doe wiſhe too,
For what I fed my dogges with.

Coriſca. I that forgot
I was made of fleſh and blood, and thought the ſilke
Spunne by the diligent worme, out of their intrals,
Too courſe to cloathe mee; and the ſofteſt Downe
Too hard to ſleepe on; that diſdain'd to looke
On vertue being in ragges; that ſtop'd my noſe
At thoſe that did not vſe adulterate arts
To better nature; that from thoſe, that ſeru'd me,
Expected adoration, am made iuſtly
The ſcorne of my owne Bond-woman.

Aſotus. I am puniſh'd,
For ſeeking to Cuckold mine owne naturall Father.
Had I beene gelded then, or vs'd my ſelfe
Like a man: I had not beene transform'd, and forc'd
To play an ore-growne Ape.

Cleon. I know I cannot
Laſt long, that's all my comfort: come, I forgiue both,
It is in vaine to be angry, let vs therefore
Lament together like friends.

Piſander. What a true mirror
Were this ſad ſpectacle for ſecure greatneſſe!
Heere they that neuer ſee themſelues, but in
The Glaſſe of ſeruile flattery, might behold

The weake foundation vpon which they build,
That truſt in humane frailtie. Happie are thoſe,
That knowing in their births, they are ſubiect to
Vncertaine change, are ſtill prepar'd, and arm'd
For either fortune: A rare principle,
And with much labour learn'd in wiſdomes ſchoole!
For as theſe Bond-men by their actions ſhew,
That their proſperitie, like too too large a Sayle
For their ſmall barke of iudgement, ſinkes them with
A fore-right gale of libertie, e're they reach
The Port they long to touch at: So theſe wretches
Swolne with the falſe opinion of their worth,
And proud of bleſſings left them, not acquir'd,
That did beleeue they could with Gyant-armes
Fathome the earth, and were aboue their fates,
Thoſe borrow'd helpes that did ſupport them, vaniſh'd
Fall of themſelues, and by vnmanly ſuffring,
Betray their proper weakneſſe, and make knowne
Their boaſted greatneſſe was lent, not their owne.

Cleon. O for ſome meate, they ſit long!

Coriſc. We forgot,
When we drew out intemperate feaſts till midnight:
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watchings;
Nor did we hold our ſelues ſeru'd to the height,
But when we did exact, and force their duties
Beyond their ſtrength and power.

Aſotus. We pay for't now,
I now could be content to haue my head
Broke with a tibbe of Beefe, or for a Coffin
Be buried in the dripping Pan.

Cymbrio. Doe not hold me, *Enter Poliphron, Cymbrio, Gracculo, Zanthia, Olympia, drinke and*
Not kiſſe the Bride. *quarrelling.*

Poliphron. No Sir.

Cimbrio. She's common goood,
And ſo wee'll vſe her.

Gracculo. Wee'le haue nothing pointed.

Olympia. Hold:

Zanthia. Heere, *Marmild.*

C *Olympia.*

Olympia. Hee's your chiefe.
Cymbrio. We are equals,
I will know no obedience.
Graeculo. Nor ſuperior,
Nay, if you are Lyon-drunke, I will make one,
For lightly euer he that parts the fray,
Goes away with the blowes.
Piſander. Art thou mad de too?
No more, as you reſpect me.
Poliphron. I obey, Sir,
Piſander. Quarrell among your ſelues?
Cymbrio. Yes, in our Wine, Sir,
And for our Wenches.
Graeculo. How could we be Lords elſe?
Piſan. Take heed, I haue news will coole this heat, & make you
Remember, what you were.
Cymbrio. How?
Piſander. Send off theſe,
And then I'le tell you. *Zanthia beating Coriſca.*
Olympia. This is tyrannie,
Now ſhe offends not.
Zanthia. 'Tis for exerciſe,
And to helpe digeſtion, what is ſhe good for elſe?
To me it was her language.
Piſander. Leaue her off,
And take heed Madam minx, the Wheele may turne,
Goe to your meate, and reſt, and from this houre
Remember, he that is a Lord to day, *Exeunt Cleon, Aſotus, Zan-*
May be a Slaue to morrow. *thia, Olympia, Coriſca.*
Cleon. good morallity.
Cymbrio. But what would you impart?
Piſander. What muſt inuite you
To ſtand vpon your guard, and leaue your feaſting,
Or but imagine, what it is to be
Moſt miſerable, and reſt aſſur'd you are ſo.
Our Maſters are victorious:
All. How?
Piſander. Within

A dayes march of the Citie, flesh'd with spoyle,
And proud of conquest, the Armado sunke,
The Carthaginian Admirall hand to hand,
Slaine by *Leosthenes.*
Cymbrio. I feele the whippe
Vpon my backe already.
Gracculo. Euery man
Seeke a conuenient Tree, and hang himselfe.
Poliphron. Better die once, then liue an age to suffer
New tortures euery houre.
Cimbrio. Say, we submit,
And yeeld vs to their mercy.
Pisander. Can you flatter
Your selues with such false hopes? or dare you thinke
That your imperious Lords, that neuer fail'd
To punish with seuerity petty slipps,
In your neglect of labour, may be wonne
To pardon those licentious outrages,
Which noble enemies forbeare to practise
Vpon the conquer'd? What haue you omitted,
That may call on their iust reuenge with horror,
And studied cruelty? We haue gone too farre
To thinke now of retyring; in our courage,
And during, lies our safetie; if you are not
Slaues in your abiect mindes, as in your fortunes,
Since to die is the worst, better expose
Our naked breasts to their keene Swords, and fall
Our liues with the most aduantage, then to trust
In a forestal'd remission, or yeeld vp
Our bodies to the furnace of their furie,
Thrice heated with reuenge.
Gracculo. You led vs on.
Cimb. And 'tis but iustice, you should bring vs off.
Graccul. And we expect it.
Pisander. Heare then, and obey me,
And I will either saue you, or fall with you;
Man the Walls strongly, and make good the Ports
Boldly deny their entrance, and rippe vp

Your grieuances, and what compel'd you to
This desperate course: if they disdaine to heare
Of composition, we haue in our powers
Their aged Fathers, Children, and their Wiues,
Who to preserue themselues, must willingly
Make intercession for vs. 'Tis not time now
To talke, but doe. A glorious end or freedome
Is now propos'd vs; stand resolu'd for either,
And like good fellowes, liue, or die togeather.

Exeunt.

ACTVS III. SCÆNA IIII.

Leosthenes, Timagoras.

Timagoras. I am so farre from enuie, I am proud
You haue outstrip'd me in the race of honour.
O 'twas a glorious day, and brauely wonne!
Your bold performance gaue such lustre to
Timoleons wise directions, as the Armie
Rests doubtfull, to whom they stand most ingag'de
For their so great successe.

Leosthenes. The Gods first honour'd,
The glory be the Generalls; 'tis farre from mee
To be his riuall.

Timagoras. You abuse your fortune,
To entertaine her choyce, and gracious fauours,
With a contracted browe; Plum'd victorie
Is truly painted with a cheerefull looke,
Equally distant from proud insolence,
And base dejection.

Leosthenes. O *Timagoras*,
You onely are acquainted with the cause,
That loades my sad heart with a hill of lead.
Whose ponderous waight, neither my new got honour,
Assisted by the generall applause
The souldier crownes it with, nor all warres glories
Can lessen, or remoue; and would you please,
With fit consideration to remember,
How much I wrong *Cleoras* innocence,

With my raſh doubts; and what a grieuous pennance,
Shee did impoſe vpon her tender ſweetneſſe,
To plucke away the Vulture iealouſie,
That fed vpon my Liuer: you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit iuſtice on my ſelfe,
Though I reſolue to be a ſtranger to
The thought of mirth, or pleaſure.

Timandra. You haue redeem'd
The forfeit of your fault, with ſuch a ranſome
Of honourable action, as my Siſter
Muſt of neceſſitie confeſſe her ſuffrings
Weigh'd downe by your faire merits; and when ſhe views you
Like a triumphant Conquerour, carried through
The Streets of *Syracuſa*, the glad people
Preſſing to meet you, and the Senators
Contending who ſhall heape moſt honours on you;
The Oxen crown'd with Girlands led before you
Appointed for the Sacrifice; and the Altars
Smoaking with thankfull Incenſe to the gods:
The Souldiers chaunting loud hymnes to your praiſe:
The windowes fill'd with Matrons, and with Virgins,
Throwing vpon your head, as you paſſe by,
The choyceſt Flowers; and ſilently inuoking
The Queene of Loue, with their particular vowes,
To be thought worthy of you; can *Cleora*,
(Though, in the glaſſe of ſelfe-loue, ſhee behold
Her beſt deſerts) but with all ioy acknowledge,
What ſhe indur'd, was but a noble tryall
You made of her affection? and her anger
Riſing from your too amorous eares, ſoone drench'd
In *Lethe*, and forgotten.

Leoſthenes. If thoſe glories
You ſo ſet forth were mine, they might plead for mee:
But I can laye no claime to the leaſt honour,
Which you with foule iniuſtice rauiſh from her;
Her beauty, in me wrought a myracle,
Taught me to ayme at things beyond my power,
Which her perfections purchas'd, and gaue to me

From

From her free bounties; she inspir'd me with
That vallour, which I dare not call mine owne:
And from the faire reflexion of her minde,
My soule receau'd the sparckling beames of courage.
Shee from the magazine of her proper goodnesse,
Stock'd me with vertuous purposes; sent me forth
To trade for honour; and she being the owner
Of the barke of my aduentures, I must yeeld her
A iust accompt of all, as fits a Factor:
And howsoeuer others thinke me happy,
And cry aloud, I haue made a prosperous voyage:
One frowne of her dislike at my returne,
(Which, as a punishment for my fault, I looke for)
Strikes dead all comfort.

Timagoras. Tush, these feares are needlesse,
Shee cannot, must not, shall not be so cruell.
A free confession of a fault winnes pardon;
But being seconded by desert, commands it.
The Generall is your owne, and sure; my Father
Repents his harshnesse: for my selfe, I am
Euer your creature, one day shall be happy
In your triumph, and your Mariage.

Leosthenes. May it proue so,
With her consent, and pardon.

Timagoras. Euer touching
On that harsh string? she is your owne, and you
Without disturbance seaze on what's your due.

Exeunt.

ACTVS III. SCÆNA I.

Pisander, Timandra.

Pisander. She has her health then:

Timandra. Yes, Sir, and as often
As I speake of you, lends attentiue eare
To all that I deliuer; nor seemes tyr'd,
Though I dwell long on the relation of
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise,
On your vnequal'd temperance, and command,

You

You hold o're your affections.

Pisander. To my wish:
Haue you acquainted her with the defeature
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours
Leosthenes comes Crown'd home with?

Timandra. With all care.

Pisander. And how does she receaue it?

Timandra. As I gheſſe
With a ſeeming kinde of ioy, but yet appeares not
Tranſported, or proud of his happy fortune.
But when I tell her of the certaine ruine,
You muſt encounter with at their arriuall
In *Syracuſa*, and that death with torments
Muſt fall vpon you, which you yet repent not;
Eſteeming it a glorious martyrdome,
And a reward of pure, vnſpotted loue,
Preſeru'd in the white robe of Innocence:
Though ſhe were in your power, and ſtill ſpurr'd on
By inſolent luſt; you rather choſe to ſuffer
The fruit vntaſted, for whoſe glad poſſeſſion,
You haue call'd on the furie of your Lord,
Then that ſhe ſhould be grieu'd, or tainted in
Her Reputation.

Pisander. Doth it worke compunction?
Pitties ſhe my misfortune?

Timandra. Shee expreſs'd
All ſignes of ſorrow, (which) her vow obſeru'd,
Could witneſſe a grieu'd heart. At the firſt hearing
Shee fell vpon her face, rent her faire haire,
Her hands held vp to heauen, and vented ſighes,
In which ſhee ſilently ſeem'd to complaine,
Of heauens iniuſtice.

Pisander, 'Tis enough: waite carefully,
And vpon all watch'd occaſions, continue
Speech, and diſcourſe of me: 'tis time, muſt worke her.

Timandra. I'le not be wanting, but ſtill ſtriue to ſerue you. *Exit Timandra.*

Pisander. Now, *Poliphron*, the newes? *Enter Poliphron.*

Poliphron. The conquering Army

Is within ken.

Piſander. How brooke the ſlaues the obiect?

Poliph. Cheerefully yet; they do refuſe no labour,
And ſeeme to ſcoffe at danger; 'tis your preſence
That muſt confirme them; with a full conſent,
You are choſen to relate the tyranny
Of our proud Maſters; and what you ſubſcribe too,
They gladly will allow of, or hold out
To the laſt man.

Piſander. I'le inſtantly among them:
If we prooue conſtant to our ſelues, good fortune
Will not, I hope, forſake vs.

Polyphron. 'Tis our beſt refuge. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS IIII. SCÆNA II.

Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leoſthenes, Timagoras, others.

Timoleon. Thus farre we are return'd victorious, crown'd
With Wreathes triumphant, (famine, blood, and dearth,
Baniſht your peacefull confines,) and bring home
Securitie, and peace. 'Tis therefore fit
That ſuch as boldly ſtood the ſhocke of warre,
And with the deere expence of ſweat and blood
Haue purchas'd Honour, ſhould with pleaſure reape
The harueſt of their toyle; and wee ſtand bound
Out of the firſt file of the beſt deſeruers,
(Though all muſt be conſider'd to their merits)
To thinke of you *Leoſthenes*, that ſtand,
And worthily, moſt deere in our eſteeme,
For your heroique valour.

Archidamus. When I looke on
(The labour of ſo many men, and ages)
This well-built Citie, not long ſince deſign'd
To ſpoyle and rapine; by the fauour of
The gods, and you their miniſters preſeru'd;
I cannot in my height of ioy, but offer
Theſe teares for a glad ſacrifice,

Diphilus. Sleepe the Citizens?
Or are they ouerwhelm'd with the exceſſe
Of comfort, that flowes to them?
Leoſthenes. Wee receaue
A ſilent entertainment.
Timagoras. I long ſince
Expected, that the virgins, and the Matrons,
The old men ſtriuing with their age, the Prieſts
Carrying the Images of their gods before 'em
Should haue met vs with Proceſſion: Ha! the gates
Are ſhut againſt vs!
Archid. And vpon the Walls *Enter aboue, Piſander, Poli-*
Arm'd men ſeeme to defie vs! *phron, Cimbrio, Graculo, &*
Diphilus. I ſhould know *the reſt.*
Theſe faces; they are our ſlaues.
Timagoras. The milterie, Raſcalls?
Open the ports, and play not with an anger,
That will conſume you.
Timoleon. This is aboue wonder.
Archid. Our Bond-men ſtand againſt vs!
Graculo. Some ſuch things
We were in mans remembrance; the ſlaues are turn'd
Lords of the Towne, or ſo; nay, be not angry:
Perhaps on good tearmes, giuing ſecurity,
You will be quiet men, we may allow you
Some lodgings in our Garrets, or out-houſes;
Your great lookes cannot carry it.
Cymbrio. The truth is,
We haue beene bold with your wiues, toy'd with your daughters.
Leoſthenes. O my prophetique ſoule!
Graculo. Rifled your Cheſts,
Beene buſie with your Wardrobes.
Timagoras. Can we indure this?
Leoſthenes. O my *Cleora!*
Graculo. A Caudle, for the Gentleman,
Hee'll die a'the pip elſe.
Timagoras. Scorn'd too! are you turn'd ſtone?
Hold parley with our Bond-men? force our entrance,

Then

Then Villaines, expect.
Timoleon. Hold: you weare mens ſhapes
And if like men you haue reaſon, ſhew a cauſe
That leads you to this deſperate courſe, which muſt end
In your deſtruction?
Gracculo. That, as pleaſe the Fates,
But we vouchſafe; ſpeake Captaine.
Timagoras. Hell, and Furies!
Arebid. Bay'd by our owne curres?
Cimbrio. Take heed, you be not wurried.
Poliphron. We are ſharpe ſet.
Gymbrio. And ſodaine.
Piſander. Briefly thus then,
Since I muſt ſpeake for all; your tyranny
Drew vs from our obedience. Happy thoſe times,
When Lords were ſtyl'd fathers of Families,
And not imperious Maſters; when they numbred
Their ſeruants almoſt equall with their Sonnes,
Or one degree beneath them; when their labours
Were cheriſh'd, and rewarded, and a period
Set to their ſuffrings; when they did not preſſe
Their duties, or their wills beyond the power
And ſtrength of their performance; all things order'd
With ſuch decorum, as wiſe Law-makers,
From each well-gouern'd priuate houſe deriu'd
The perfect modell of a Common-wealth;
Humanity then lodg'd in the hearts of men,
And thankfull Maſters carefully prouided
For Creatures wanting reaſon. The noble horſe
That in his fiery youth from his wide noſtrells,
Neigh'd courage to his Rider, and brake through
Groues of oppoſed Pikes, bearing his Lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
Was ſet at libertie, and freed from ſeruice.
The Athenian Mules, that from the Quarrie drew
Marble, hew'd for the Temples of the gods,
The great worke ended, were diſmis'd, and fed
At the publique coſt; nay, faithfull dogs haue found

Their Sepulchres; but man to man, more cruell,
Appoints no end to the ſuffrings of his ſlaue;
Since pride ſtept in and ryot, and o'return'd
This goodly frame of Concord, teaching Maſters
To glory in the abuſe of ſuch, as are
Brought vnder their cõmand; who grown vnuſefull,
Are leſſe eſteem'd than beaſts; this you haue practis'd,
Practis'd on vs with rigor; this hath forc'd vs,
To ſhake our heauy yokes off; and if redreſſe
Of theſe iuſt grieuances be not granted vs,
Wee'le right our ſelues, and by ſtrong hand defend,
What we are now poſſeſs'd of.

Gracculo. And not leaue
One houſe vnfir'd.

Cimbrio. Or throat vncut of thoſe
We haue in our power.

Poliphron. Nor will we fall alone,
You ſhall buy vs dearely.

Timagoras. O, the gods!
Vnheard of inſolence!

Timoleon. What are your demaunds?

Piſander. A generall pardon, firſt, for all offences
Committed in your abſence. Libertie,
To all ſuch, as deſire to make returne
Into their countries; and to thoſe that ſtay,
A competence of land freely allotted
To each mans proper vſe; no Lord acknowledg'd.
Laſtly, with your conſent, to chooſe them wiues
Out of your Families.

Timagoras. Let the Citie ſinke firſt.

Leoſthenes. And ruine ſeaſe on all, e're we ſubſcribe
To ſuch conditions.

Archidamus. Carthage, though victorious,
Could not haue forc'd more from vs:

Leoſthenes. Scale the Walls,
Capitulate after.

Timoleon. He that winnes the toppe firſt,
Shall weare a murall wreath. *Exeunt.*

Piſander.

Piſander. Each to his place. *Flourish, &*
Or death or victory; charge them home, & feare not. *ſalarmes.*
Timol. We wrong our ſelues, and we are iuſtly puniſh'd, *Enter*
To deale with Bond-men, as if we encountred *Timoleon and*
An equall enemy. *Senators.*
Archidamus. They fight like deuills:
And runne vpon our Swords, as if their breaſts *Enter Leoſthenes,*
Were proofe beyond their Armour. *and Timagoras.*
Timagoras. Make a firme ſtand:
The ſlaues not ſatisfied, they haue beat vs off,
Prepare to ſally forth.
Timoleon. They are wilde beaſts,
And to be tam'd by pollicie; each man take
A tough whippe in his hand: ſuch as you vs'd
To puniſh them with, as maſters; in your lookes
carry ſeuerity, and awe; 'twill fright them
More then your weapons; ſauage Lyons flye from
The ſight of fire; and theſe that haue forgot
That duty, you n'ere taught them with your ſwords,
When vnexpected, they behold thoſe terrors
Aduanc'd aloft, that they were made to ſhake at,
'Twill force them to remember what they are, *Enter Cimbrio,*
And ſtoope to due obedience. *Gracculo, & other ſlaues.*
Archidamus. Heere they come.
Cymbrio. Leaue not a man aliue; a wound is but a fleabyting,
To what we ſuffred being ſlaues.
Gracculo. O my heart!
Cimbrio what doe we ſee? the whippe! our Maſters!
Timag. Dare you rebell, ſlaues? *Senators ſhake their whips, and*
Cimbrio. Mercy, mercy; where *they throw away theis weapons,*
Shall we hide vs from their furie? *and runne off.*
Gracculo. Fly, they follow;
O, we ſhall be tormented:
Timoleon. Enter with them,
But yet forbeare to kill them; ſtill remember
They are part of your wealth, and being diſarm'd,
There is no danger.
Archidamus. Let vs firſt deliuer

Such as they haue in Fetters, and at leasure
Determine of their punishment.
Leosthenes. Friend, to you
I leaue the disposition of what's mine:
I cannot thinke I am safe without your Sister,
Shee's only worth my thought; and till I see
What she has suffred, I am on the racke,
And furye's my tormentors. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS IIII. SCÆNA III.

Pisander, Timandra.

Pisander. I know, I am pursu'd, nor would I flye,
Although the Ports were open, and a Conuoy
Ready to bring me off: the baseneſſe of
Theſe villaines, from the pride of all my hopes,
Haue throwne me to the bottomleſſe Abiſſe
Of horror, and deſpayre; had they ſtood firme,
I could haue bought *Cleoras* free conſent,
With the ſafetie of her Fathers life, and Brothers:
And forc'd *Leoſthenes* to quit his claime,
And kneele a Suitor for mee.
Timandra. You muſt not thinke,
What might haue beene, but what muſt now be practic'd,
And ſuddenly reſolue.
Piſander. All my poore fortunes
Are at the ſtake, and I muſt runne the hazard.
Vnſeene, conuey me to *Cleora's* Chamber,
For in her ſight, if it were poſſible,
I would be apprehended: doe not inquire
The reaſon why, but helpe me.
Timandra. Make haſte, one knockes, *Exit Piſander.*
Ione turne all to the beſt: you are welcome Sir. *Enter Leoſthenes.*
Leoſthenes. Thou giu'ſt it in a heauy tone.
Timandra. Alas, Sir,
Wee haue ſo long fed on the bread of ſorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathſome to, by our continued feares,

Comfort's

Comfort's a ſtranger to vs.

Leoſthenes. Feare's! your ſuffrings,
For which I am ſo ouergone with griefe,
I dare not aske without compaſſionate teares,
The villaines name, that rob'd thee of thy honour;
For being train'd vp in chaſtities cold Schoole,
And taught by ſuch a Miſtreſſe as *Cleora*,
'Twere impious in me, to thinke *Timandra*
Fell with her owne conſent.

Timandra. How meane you, fell, Sir?
I vnderſtand you not.

Leoſthenes. I would, thou didſt not,
Or that I could not reade vpon thy face,
In bluſhing caracters, the ſtory of
Libidinous Rape; confeſſe it, for you ſtand not
Accomptable for a ſinne, againſt whoſe ſtrength
Your o're-match'd innocence could make no reſiſtance;
Vnder which odds, I know *Cleora* fell too,
Heau'ns helpe in vaine inuok'd; the amazed Sunne,
Hiding his face behinde a maske of cloudes,
Not daring, to looke on it, in her ſuffrings
All ſorrowe's comprehended; what *Timandra*,
Or the Citie has indur'd, her loſſe conſider'd,
Deſerues not to be nam'd.

Timandra. Pray you doe not bring, Sir,
In the chymeraes of your iealous feares,
New monſters to affright vs.

Leoſthenes. O *Timandra*,
That I had faith enough but to beleeue thee;
I ſhould receaue it with a ioy beyond
Aſſurance of Elizian ſhades hereafter,
Or all the bleſſings in this life, a Mother
Could wiſh her children crown'd with: but I muſt not
Credit impoſſibilities; yet I ſtriue
To finde out that, whoſe knowledge is a curſe,
And ignorance a bleſſing. Come, diſcouer
What kinde of looke he had, that forc'd thy Lady,
(Thy rauiſher, I will enquire at leaſure,)

That

That when hereafter I behold a ſtranger,
But neere him in aſpect, I may conclude,
(Though men and Angels ſhould proclaime him honeſt,)
Hee is a Hell-bred villaine.

Timandra. You are vnworthy
To know ſhe is preſeru'd, preſeru'd vntainted.
Sorrow (but ill beſtow'd) hath only made
A rape vpon her comforts, in your abſence.
Come forth, deare Madam. *Leads in Cleora.*

Leoſt. Ha! *Kneeles.*

Tima. Nay, ſhe deſerues
The bending of your heart; that to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a veſtall
(Though the infringing it had call'd vpon her
A liuing funerall,) muſt of force haue ſhrunke at;
No danger could compell her, to diſpence with
Her cruell Penance; though hot luſt came arm'd
To ſeaze vpon her, when one looke, or accent
Might haue redeem'd her.

Leoſthenes. Might? O doe not ſhow me
A beame of comfort, and ſtraight take it from me;
The meanes, by which ſhe was freed? Speake, O ſpeake quickly,
Each minute of delay's, an age of Torment:
O ſpeake, *Timandra.*

Timandra. Free her from her oath,
Her ſelfe can beſt deliuer it. *Takes off the Scarfe.*

Leoſt. O bleſt office!
Neuer did Gally-ſlaue ſhake off his chaines,
Or look'd on his redemption from the Oare,
With ſuch true feeling of delight, as now
I finde my ſelfe poſſeſs'd of; now I behold
True light indeed; For ſince theſe faireſt ſtarres,
(Couer'd with cloudes of your determinate will)
Denyde their influence to my optique ſenſe,
The Splendor of the Sunne appear'd to me,
But as ſome little glimpſe of his bright beames
Couey'd into a Dungeon; to remember
The darke inhabitants there, how much they wanted.

Open

Open theſe long-ſhut lips, and ſtrike mine eares
With Muſicke more harmonious, then the Spheares
Yeeld in their heauenly motions; And if euer
A true ſubmiſſion, for a crime acknowledg'd,
May finde a gratious hearing, teach your tongue
In the firſt ſweet, articulate ſounds, it vtters
To ſigne my wiſh'd-for pardon.

Cleo. I forgiue you.

Leoſt. How greedily I receiue this? Stay, beſt Lady,
And let me by degrees aſcend the height
Of humane happineſſe; All at once deliuer'd,
The torrent of my ioyes will ouerwhelme me;
So, now a little more; And pray excuſe me,
If like a wanton Epicure I deſire,
The pleaſant taſte theſe cates of comfort yeild me,
ſhould not too ſoone be ſwallow'd. Haue you not
(By your vnſpotted truth, I doe coniure you
To anſwer truly) ſuffer'd in your honour;
(By force, I meane, for in your will I free you)
Since I left *Syracuſa*?

Cleo. I reſtore
This kiſſe, (ſo help me goodneſſe,) which I borrow'd,
When I laſt ſaw you.

Leoſt. Miracle of vertue!
One pawſe more, I beſeech you, I am like
A man, whoſe vitall ſpirits conſum'd, and waſted
With a long and tedious Feuer, vnto whom
Too much of a ſtrong Cordiall at once taken
Brings death, and not reſtores him. Yet I cannot
Fixe here: but muſt enquire the man, to whom
I ſtand indebted for a benefit,
Which to requite at full, though in this hand
I graſp'd all Scepters the worlds Empire bow to,
Would leaue me a poore Bank'rout; name him, Lady;
If of a meane eſtate, I'le gladly part with
My vtmoſt fortunes to him; but if noble,
In thankfull duty ſtudie how to ſerue him;
Or if of higher rancke, erect him Altars,

And (as a god) adore him.

Cleo. If that goodneſſe,
And noble temperance (the Queene of vertues)
Bridling rebellous paſſions (to whoſe ſway,
Such as haue conquer'd Nations haue liu'd ſlaues)
Did euer wing great mindes to flye to heauen;
He that preſeru'd mine honour, may hope boldly
To fill a ſeat among the gods, and ſhake of
Our fraile corruption.

Leoſthenes. Forward.

Cleo. Or if euer,
The powers aboue did maſque in humane ſhapes,
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts
Forgot as ſoone as told, but by examples,
To imitate their pureneſſe, and draw neere
To their Cœleſtiall Natures; I believe
Hee's more then man.

Leoſt. You doe deſcribe a wonder.

Cleo. Which will increaſe, when you ſhall vnderſtand,
He was a louer.

Leoſt. Not yours, Lady?

Cleo. Yes,
Lou'd me, *Leoſthenes*; Nay more, ſo doted,
(If cleere affections ſcorning groſſe deſires
May without wrong be ſtil'd ſo) that he durſt not
With an immodeſt ſyllable, or looke,
In feare it might take from me, whom he made
The obiect of his better part, diſcouer,
I was the Saint, he ſu'de too.

Leoſt. A rare tempter!

Cleo. I cannot ſpeake it to the worth: All praiſe
I can beſtow vpon it, will appeare
Enuious detraction. Not to racke you farther,
Yet make the miracle full; though of all men
He hated you *Leoſthenes*, as his riuall:
So high yet he priz'd my content, that knowing
You were a man I fauour'd, he diſdain'd not
Againſt himſelfe to ſerue you.

Leoft. You conceale, ſtill,
The owner of theſe excellencies.
Cleo. 'Tis *Marullo*,
My Fathers Bond-man,
Leoft. Ha, ha, ha!
Cleo. Why doe you laugh?
Leoft. To heare the labouring mountaine of your praiſe
Deliuer'd of a Mouſe.
Cleo. The man deſerues not
This ſcorne, I can aſſure you.
Leoft. Doe you call,
What was his dutie, merit?
Cleo. Yes, and place it,
As high in my eſteeme, as all the honours
Deſcended from your Auncеſtors, or the glory,
Which you may call your owne, got in this action;
In which I muſt confeſſe you haue done nobly,
And I could adde; As I deſir'd; but that
I feare, 'twould make you proud.
Leoft. Why Lady, can you
Be wonne to giue allowance, that your ſlaue
Should dare to loue you?
Cleo. The Immortall gods
Accept the meaneſt Altars, that are rais'd
By pure deuotions; and ſometimes preferre
An ounce of Frankinſence, hony, or milke,
Before whole *Hecatombes*, or *Sabaan* Gums
Offer'd in oſtentation. Are you ſicke *Aſide.*
Of your old diſeaſe? I'le fit you.
Leoft. You ſeeme mou'd.
Cleo. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of vertue.
Why, good *Leoſthenes*, though I endur'd
A penance for you ſake, aboue example,
I haue not ſo farre ſold my ſelfe, I take it,
To be at your deuotion, but I may
Cheriſh deſert in others, where I finde it.
How would you tyranize, if you ſtood poſſeſs'd of
That, which is only yours in expectation?

That now preſcribe ſuch hard conditions to me?
Leoſt. One kiſſe, and I am ſilene'd.
Cleo. I vouchſafe it;
Yet, I muſt tell you, 'tis a fauour, that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine owne,
Durſt not preſume to aske; No, when the Citie
Bow'd humbly to licentious Rapes, and luſt.
And when I was of men and gods forſaken,
Deliuer'd to his power, he did not preſſe me
To grace him with one looke or ſillable,
Or vrg'd the diſpenſation of an oath
Made for your ſatisfaction; The poore wretch
Hauing related only his owne ſuffrings,
And kiſs'd my hand, which I could not denie him,
Defending me from others, neuer ſince
Solicited my fauours.
Leoſt. Pray you, end,
The ſtory does not pleaſe me.
Cleo. Well, take heed
Of doubts, and feares; For know, *Leoſt henes*,
A greater iniury cannot be offer'd
To innocent chaſtity, then vniuſt ſuſpition.
I loue *Marulloes* faire minde, not his perſon,
Let that ſecure you. And There command you,
If I haue any power in you, to ſtand
Betweene him and all puniſhment, and oppoſe
His temperance to his folly; If you faile
No more, I will not threaten. *Exit.*
Leoſt. What a bridge
Of glaſſe I walke vpon, ouer a Riuer
Of certaine ruine: mine owne waighty feares
Cracking what ſhould ſupport me: And thoſe helpes,
Which confidence lends to others, are from me
Rauiſh'd by doubts, and wilfull Iealouſie.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA *Vltima.*

Timagoras, Cleon, Asotus, Corisca, Olimpia.

Cleon. But are you sure we are safe?
Tima. You need not feare,
They are all vnder guard, their fangs par'd off:
The wounds their insolence gaue you, to be cur'd,
With the balme of your reuenge.
Asotus. And shall I be
The thing I was borne, my Lord?
Timagoras. The saue wise thing;
'Slight, what a beast they haue made thee! *Affricke* neuer
Produc'd the like.
Aso. I thinke so: Nor the land
Where Apes, and Monkies, grow, like Crabs, and Wall-nuts
On the same tree. Not all the Catalogue
Of Coniurers, or wise women, bound together
Could haue so soone transform'd me, as my Raskall
Did with his whip; Not in outside only,
But in my owne beliefe, I thought my selfe
As perfect a Baboone.
Tima. An Asse, thou wert euer.
Aso. And would haue giuen one legge with all my heart
For good securitie to haue beene a man
After three liues, or one and twenty yeares,
Though I had dy'de on Crouches.
Cleon. Neuer varlets
So triumph'd o're an old fat man: I was famish'd.
Tima. In deed you are falne away.
Aso. Three yeeres of feeding
On Cullises and ielly, though his Cookes
Lard all he eates with marrow, or his Doctors
Powre in his mouth Restoratiues, as he sleepes,
Will not recouer him.
Tima. But your Ladiship lookes
Sad on the matter, as if you had mis'd
Your ten-crowne Amber Posset, good to smoothe

The Cutis, as you call it, and prepare you
Actiue, and high for an afternoones incounter,
With a rough gamester, on your couch; fie on't,
You are growne thriftie, smell like other women;
The Colledge of Phisitians haue not sate,
As they were vs'd, in councell how to fill
The cranies in your cheekes, or raise a rampire,
With Mummy, Cerusses, or Infants fat,
To keepe off age, and time.
Cori. Pray you, forbeare;
I am an alter'd woman.
Tima. So it seemes;
A part of your honours ruffe stands out of rancke too.
Cori. No matter, I haue other thoughts.
Tima. O strange!
Not ten dayes since it would haue vex'd you more,
Then th'losse of your good name; Pitty, this cure
For your proud itch came no sooner! Marry, *Olympia*
seemes to beare vp still.
Olimp. I complaine not, Sir,
I haue borne my fortune patiently.
Tima. Thou wer't euer
An excellent bearer; so is all your tribe,
If you may choose your cartiage: How now, friend,
Lookes our *Cleora* louely? *Enter Leostheues,*
Leost. In my thoughts, Sir. *and Diphilus with*
Tima. But why this guard? *a Guard.*
Diphi. It is *Timoleons* pleasure;
The slaues haue beene examin'd, and confesse,
Their ryot tooke beginning from your house:
And the first moouer of them to rebellion,
Your slaue *Marullo.*
Leost. Ha! I more, then feare.
Tima. They may search boldly.
Timand. You are vnmanner'd Groomes, *Enter Timandra*
To prie into my Ladyes priuate lodgings;
There's no *Marulloe's*, there. *Enter Diphilus*
Timag. Now I suspect too; *With Pisander.*

Where

Where found you him?

Diphi. Close hid in your Sisters Chamber.

Timag. Is that the villaines sanctuary?

Leost. This confirmes
All she deliuer'd, false.

Timag. But that I scorne,
To rust my good Sword in thy slauish blood,
Thou now wert dead.

Pisander. Hee's more a slaue, then Fortune,
Or Miserie can make me, that insults
Vpon vnweapon'd Innocence.

Tima. Prate, you dogge?

Pisander. Curres snap at Lyons in the toyle, whose lookes
Frighted them being free.

Tima. As a wilde beast,
Driue him before you.

Pisander. O Diuine *Cleora*!

Leost. Dar'st thou presume to name her?

Pisander. Yes, and loue her:
And may say, haue deseru'd her.

Timandra. Stoppe his mouth: *Exit Guard with*
Load him with Irons too. *Pisander.*

Cleon. I am deadly sicke,
To looke on him.

Asotus. If he get loose, I know it,
I caper, like an Ape, againe: I feele
The whip already.

Timan. This goes to my Lady.

Timag. Come, cheere you, Sir, wee'll vrge his punishment
To the full satisfaction of your anger.

Leost. Hee is not worth my thoughts; No corner left
In all the spatious roomes of my vex'd heart,
But is fill'd with *Cleora*: And the Rape
Shee has done vpon her honour, with my wrong,
The heauy burthen of my sorrowes song.

Exeunt.

ACTVS

ACTVS V. SCÆNA I.

Archidamus, Cleora.

Archida. Thou art thine owne diſpoſer. Were his honours
And glories centupled, (as I muſt confeſſe,
Leoſthenes is moſt worthy) yet I will not,
How euer I may counſaile, force affection.

Cleora. It needs not, Sir, I prize him to his worth,
Nay, loue him truly, yet would not liue ſlau'd
To his iealous humours. Since by the hopes of heauen,
As I am free from violence, in a thought
I am not guilty.

Archida. 'Tis beleeu'd *Cleora*,
And much the rather, (our great gods be prais'd for't)
In that I finde beyond my hopes, no ſigne
Of ryot in my houſe, but all things order'd,
As if I had beene preſent.

Cleora. May that moue you
To pitty poore *Marullo*.

Archida. 'Tis my purpoſe
To doe him all the good I can, *Cleora*;
But his offence being againſt the State,
Muſt haue a publique triall. In the meane time
Be carefull of your ſelfe, and ſtand ingag'd
No farther to *Leoſthenes*, then you may
Come off with honour: For, being once his wife,
You are no more your owne, nor mine, but muſt
Reſolue to ſerue, and ſuffer his commands,
And not diſpute 'em; e're it be too late,
Conſider it duly. I muſt to the Senate. *Exit Archida.*

Cleora. I am much diſtracted; in *Leoſthenes*
I can finde nothing iuſtly to accuſe,
But his exceſſe of loue, which I haue ſtudied
To cure with more then common meanes, yet ſtill
It growes vpon him. And if I may call
My ſuffrings merit, I ſtand bound to thinke on
Marullos dangers; though I ſaue his life,

His

His loue is vnrewarded: I confesse,
Both haue deseru'd me, yet of force must be
Vniust to one; such is my destiny. *Enter Timandra.*
How now? whence flowe these teares?

Timandra. I haue met, Madam,
An obiect of such cruelty, as would force
A Sauage to compassion.

Cleora. Speake, what is it?

Timan. Men pitty beasts of rapine, if o're-match'd,
Though bayted for their pleasure: but these monsters
vpon a man, that can make no resistance,
Are sensslesse in their tyranny. Let it be granted,
Marullo is a slaue, hee's still a man;
A capitall offender, yet in iustice
Not to be tortur'd, till the Iudge pronounce
His punishment.

Cleora. Where is he?

Timand. Drag'd to prison
With more then barbarous violence, spurn'd and spit on
By the insulting officers, his hands
Pynion'd behinde his backe: loaden with fetters;
Yet, with a Saint-like patience, he still offers
His face to their rude buffets.

Cleora. O my grieu'd soule!
By whose command?

Timandra. It seemes, my Lord your brothers;
For hee's a looker on: and it takes from
Honour'd *Leosthenes* to suffer it,
For his respect to you, whose name in vaine
The grieu'd wretch loudly calls on.

Cleo. By *Diana*,
'Tis base in both, and to their teeth I'll tell 'em
That I am wrong'd in't. *As going forth.*

Timan. What will you doe?

Cleo. In person
Visit, and comfort him.

Timan. That will bring fewell
To the iealous fires, which burne too hot already

In Lord *Leoſthenes*.

Cleora. Let them conſume him;
I am Miſtriſſe of my ſelfe. Where crueltie raignes,
There dwels nor loue, nor honour. *Exit Cleora.*

Timandra. So, it workes.
Though hetherto I haue tranne a deſperate courſe
To ſerue my brothers purpoſes, now 'tis fit, *Enter Leoſthenes*
I ſtudy mine owne ends. They come. Aſſiſt me *& Timagoras.*
In theſe my vndertakings, loues great Patron,
As my intents are honeſt.

Leoſthenes. 'Tis my fault.
Diſtruſt from others ſprings, *Timagoras*,
From diffidence in our ſelues. But I will ſtriue,
With the aſſurance of my worth, and merits,
To kill this monſter, iealouſie.

Timagoras. 'Tis a gheſt
In wiſdome neuer to be entertain'd
On triuiall probabilities; but when
Hee does appeare in pregnant proofes, not faſhion'd
By idle doubts and feares, to be receiu'd,
They make their owne hornes, that are too ſecure,
As well as ſuch as giue them grouth, and being
From meere imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's honour equall with mine owne;
And know what large additions of power
This match brings to our family; I preferre
Our friendſhip, and your peace of minde ſo farre
Aboue my owne reſpects, or hers, that if
Shee hold not her true value in the teſt,
'Tis farre from my ambition for her cure,
That you ſhould wound your ſelfe.

Timandra. This argues for me.

Timago. Why ſhe ſhould be ſo paſſionate for a Bond-man,
Falls not in compaſſe of my vnderſtanding,
But for ſome neerer intereſt: or hee raiſe
This mutiny, if he lou'd her (as you ſay,
Shee does confeſſe, he did) but to enioy
By faire or foule play, what he ventur'd for,

To mee's a Riddle.

Leoſthenes. 'Pray you, no more; already
I haue anſwer'd that obiection in my ſtrong
Aſſurance of her vertue.

Timagoras. 'Tis vnfit then,
That I ſhould preſſe it further.

Timand. Now I muſt *Timandra ſtops out diſtractedly.*
Make in, or all is loſt.

Timagoras. What would *Timandra?*

Leoſthenes. How wilde ſhe lookes? How is it with thy Lady?

Timagoras. Collect thy ſelfe, and ſpeake.

Timand. As you are noble,
Haue pitty, or loue pietie. Oh!

Leoſthenes. Take breath.

Timago. Out with it boldly.

Timag. O, the beſt of Ladyes,
I feare, is gone for euer.

Leoſthenes. Who, *Cleora?*

Timag. Deliuer, how. 'Sdeath, be a man, Sir, ſpeake.

Timand. Take it then in as many ſighes, as words
My Lady.

Timag. What of her?

Timand. No ſooner heard,
Marullo was impriſon'd, but ſhe fell
Into a deadly ſwoune.

Timago. But ſhee recouer'd.
Say ſo, or he will ſinke too, hold, Sir, fie,
This is vnmanly.

Timand. Brought againe to life,
But with much labour; ſhe awhile ſtood ſilent,
Yet in that interim vented ſighes, as if
They labour'd from the priſon of her fleſh,
To giue her grieu'd ſoule freedome. On the ſodaine
Tranſported on the wings of rage, and ſorrow,
Shee flew out of the houſe, and vnattended
Enter'd the common priſon.

Leoſthenes. This confirmes
What but before I fear'd.

Timand. There you may finde her,
And if you loue her, as a Sifter ——
Timago. Damme her.
Timand. Or you reſpect her ſafetie, as a louer,
Procure *Marullos* libertie.
Timag. Impudence
Beyond expreſſion.
Leoſt. Shall I be a Bawd
To her luſt, and my diſhonour?
Timand. Shee'll runne mad elſe,
Or doe ſome violent act vpon her ſelfe.
My Lord her Father, ſenſible of her ſuffrings,
Labours to gaine his freedome,
Leoſt. O, the Diuell!
Has ſhe bewitch'd him too?
Timago. I'le heare no more,
Come, Sir, wee'll follow her, and if no perſwaſion
Can make her take againe her naturall forme,
Which by luſts powerfull ſpell ſhe has caſt off,
This Sword ſhall diſ-inchant her.
Leoſt. O my heart-ſtrings! *Exeunt Leoſt. and Timago. &c.*
Timandra. I knew, 'twould take. Pardon me, faire *Cleora*,
Though I appeare a traytreſſe, which thou wilt doe
In pitty of my woes, when I make knowne
My lawfull claime, and onely ſeeke mine owne. *Exit.*

ACTVS V. SCÆNA II.

Cleora, Iaylor, Piſander.

Cleo. There's for your priuacy. Stay, vnbinde his hands.
Iaylor. I dare not, Madam.
Cleora. I will buy thy danger.
Take more gold, doe not trouble me with thankes;
I doe ſuppoſe it done. *Exit Iaylor.*
Piſander. My better Angell
Aſſumes this ſhape to comfort me, and wiſely;
Since from the choyce of all cœleſtiall figures,
Hee could not take a viſible forme ſo full

Of glorious ſweetneſſe. *Kneeles.*

Cleora. Riſe. I am fleſh and blood,
And doe partake thy tortures.

Piſander. Can it bee?
That charity ſhould perſwade you to diſcend
So farre from your owne height, as to vouchſafe
To looke vpon my ſuffrings? How I bleſſe
My fetters now, and ſtand ingag'd to Fortune
For my captiuity, no, my freedome rather!
For who dares thinke that place a Priſon, which
You ſanctifie with your preſence? or belieue,
Sorrow has power to vſe her ſting on him,
That is in your compaſſion arm'd, and made
Impregnable? though tyranny raiſe at once
All engines to aſſault him.

Cleora. Indeed vertue,
With which you haue made euident proofes, that you
Are ſtrongly fortified, cannot fall, though ſhaken
With the ſhocke of fierce temptations, but ſtill triumphe
In ſpight of oppoſition. For my ſelfe
I may endeauour to confirme your goodneſſe,
(A ſure retreate which neuer will deceaue you)
And with vnfayned teares expreſſe my ſorrow,
For what I cannot helpe.

Piſander. Doe you weepe for mee?
O ſaue that pretious balme for nobler vſes,
I am vnworthy of the ſmalleſt drop,
Which in your prodigalitie of pitty
You throw away on me. Tenne of theſe pearles
Were a large ranſome to redeeme a kingdome
From a conſuming plague, or ſtop heauens vengeance
Call'd downe by crying ſinnes, though at that inſtant
In dreadfull flaſhes falling on the rooſes
Of bold blaſphemers. I am iuſtly puniſh'd
For my intent of violence to ſuch pureneſſe;
And all the torments fleſh is ſenſible of
A ſoft and gentle pennance.

Cleora. Which is ended

In this your free confeſſion. *Enter Leoſthenes and Timagoras.*

Leoſt. What an obiect
Haue I encounter'd?

Timago. I am blaſted too:
Yet heare a little further.

Piſander. Could I expire now,
Theſe white and innocent hands cloſing my eyes thus,
'Twere not to die, but in a heauenly dreame
To be tranſported, without the helpe of *Charon*
To the Elizian ſhades. You make mee bold:
And but to wiſh ſuch happineſſe, I feare,
May giue offence.

Cleora. No, for, beleeu't, *Marullo*,
You haue wonne ſo much vpon me, that I know not
That happineſſe in my gift, but you may challenge.

Leoſthenes. Are you yet ſatisfied?

Cleor. Nor can you wiſh,
But what my vowes will ſecond, though it were
Your freedome firſt, and then in me full power
To make a ſecond tender of my ſelfe,
And you receiue the preſent. By this kiſſe
(From me a virgin bounty) I will practiſe
All arts for your deliuerance; and that purchas'd
In what concernes your farther aymes, I ſpeake it,
Doe not deſpaire, but hope.

Timag. To haue the Hangman,
When he is married to the croſſe, in ſcorne,
To ſay, gods giue you ioy.

Leoſt. But looke on me,
And be not too indulgent to your folly,
And then (but that griefe ſtops my ſpeech) imagine,
What language I ſhould vſe.

Cleora. Againſt thy ſelfe.
Thy malice cannot reach me.

Timag. How?

Cleora. So, brother;
Though you ioyne in the Dialogue to accuſe me,
What I haue done, I'le iuſtifie; and theſe fauours,

Which

Which you preſume will taint me in my honour;
Though iealouſie vſe all her eyes to ſpie out
One ſtayne in my behauiour; or Enuy
As many tongues to wound it, ſhall appeare
My beſt perfections. For to the world
I can in my defence alleage ſuch reaſons,
As my accuſers ſhall ſtand dumbe to heare 'em,
When in his Fetters this mans worth and vertues
But truly told ſhall ſhame your boaſted glories,
Which fortune claimes a ſhare in.

Timag. The baſe villaine
Shall neuer liue to heare it. *Enter Archid: Diphilus, and Officers.*

Cleora. Murther, helpe,
Through me you ſhall paſſe to him.

Archid. What's the matter?
On whom is your Sword drawne? are you a iudge?
Or elſe ambitious of the hangmans office
Before it be deſign'd you? you are bold too,
Vnhand my daughter.

Leoſt. Shee's my valours prize.

Archid. With her conſent, not otherwiſe. You may vrge
Your title in the Court; if it proue good,
Poſſeſſe her freely: Guard him ſafely off too.

Timago. You'll heare me, Sir?

Archid. If you haue ought to ſay,
Deliuer it in publike; all ſhall finde
A iuſt Iudge of *Timoleon.*

Diphilus. You muſt
Of force now vſe your patience. *Exeunt omnes præter Leoſt*

Timag. Vengeance rather! *and Timag.*
Whirle-windes of rage poſſeſſe mee; you are wrong'd
Beyound a Stoicque ſufferance, yet you ſtand,
As you were rooted.

Leoſt. I feele ſomething here,
That boldly tells mee, all the loue and ſeruice
I pay *Cleora*, is anothers due,
And therefore cannot proſper.

Timag. Melancholy,

Which

Which now you muſt not yeeld to.

Leoſthenes. 'Tis apparent,
In fact your Siſters innocent, howeuer
Chang'd by her violent will.

Timagoras. If you beleiue ſo,
Follow the chaſe ſtill: And in open court
Plead your owne intereſt; we ſhall finde the Iudge
Our friend I feare not.

Leoſthenes. Something I ſhall ſay,
But what ———

Timag. Collect your ſelfe, as we walke thither. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS V. SCÆNA *Vltima.*

Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleon, Officers.

Timoleon. Tis wondrous ſtrange! nor can it fall within
The reach of my beliefe, a ſlaue ſhould be
The owner of a temperance, which this age
Can hardly paralell in free-borne Lords,
Or Kings proud of their purple.

Archid. 'Tis moſt true.
And though at firſt it did appeare a fable,
All circumſtances meet to giue it credit;
Which work ſo on me, that I am compel'd
To be a Sutor, not be deni'de,
Hee may haue æquall hearing.

Cleora. Sir, you grac'd mee
With the title of your Miſtriſſe, but my fortune
Is ſo farre diſtant from command, that I
Lay by the power you gaue me, and plead humbly
For the preſeruer of my fame and honour.
And pray you, Sir, in charity beleeue,
That ſince I had ability of ſpeach,
My tongue has ſo much beene enur'd to truth,
I know not, how to lye,

Timoleon. I'll rather doubt
The Oracles of the gods, then queſtion, what
Your innocence deliuers: and as farre

As iuſtice with mine honour can giue way,
He ſhall haue fauour. Bring him in, vnbound: *Exeunt Officers.*
And though *Leoſthenes* may challenge from me,
For his late worthy ſeruice, credit to
All things he can alleage in his owne cauſe,
Marullo (ſo I thinke you call his name)
Shall finde, I doe reſerue one eare for him,
To let in mercy. Sit and take your places; *Enter Cleon, Aſotus,*
The right of this faire virgin firſt determin'd, *Diphilus, Olimpia,*
Your Bond-men ſhall be cenſur'd. *Coriſca.*

Cleon. With all rigour,
We doe expect.

Coriſca. Temper'd, I ſay, with mercie. *Enter at one dore*

Timol. Your hand *Leoſthenes*: I cannot doubt *Leoſthenes: Ti-*
You that haue bin victorious in the war, *moleon as the*
ſhould in a combat fought with words come off, *other Officers*
But with aſſured triumph. *with Piſander*
and Timandra.

Leoſthenes. My deſerts, Sir,
(If without arrogance I may ſtile them ſuch)
Arme me from doubt, and feare.

Timoleon. 'Tis nobly ſpoken,
Nor be thou daunted (howſoe're the fortune
Has mark'd thee out a ſlaue) to ſpeake thy merits;
For vertue though in raggs may challenge more,
Then vice ſet off with all the trimme of greatneſſe.

Piſander. I had rather fall vnder ſo iuſt a iudge,
Then be acquitted by a man corrupt
And partiall in his cenſure.

Arebida. Note his language,
It reliſhes of better breeding then
His preſent ſtate dares promiſe.

Timoleon. I obſerue it.
Place the faire Lady in the midſt, that both
Looking with couetous eies vpon the prize
They are to plead for, may from the faire obiect,
Teach *Hermes* eloquence.

Leoſthenes. Am I fall'n ſo lowe
My birth, my honour, and what's deareſt to me,

My loue, and witneſſe of my loue, my ſeruice,
So vnder-valewd, that I muſt contend
With one, where my exceſſe of glory muſt
Make his o'rethrow a conqueſt? ſhall my fulneſſe
ſupply defects in ſuch a thing, that neuer
Knew any thing but want and emptineſſe?
Giue him a name, and keepe it ſuch from this
Vnequall competition? if my pride
Or any bold aſſurance of my worth,
Has pluck'd this mountaine of diſgrace vpon me,
I am iuſtly puniſh'd, and ſubmit; but if
I haue beene modeſt, and eſteem'd my ſelfe
More iniur'd in the tribute of the praiſe,
Which no deſert of mine priz'd by ſelfe-loue
Euer exacted; may this cauſe, and minute
For euer be forgotten. I dwell long
Vpon mine anger, and now turne to you
Ingratefull faire one; and ſince you are ſuch,
'Tis lawfull for me to proclaime my ſelfe,
And what I haue deſeru'd.

Cleora. Neglect, and ſcorne
From me for this proud vaunt.

Leoſthenes. You nouriſh, Lady
Your owne diſhonour in this harſh replie,
And almoſt proue what ſome hold of your ſex.
You are all made vp of paſſion. For if reaſon
Or iudgement could finde entertainment with you,
Or that you would diſtinguiſh of the obiects
You looke on in a true glaſſe, not ſeduc'd
By the falſe light of your too violent will,
I ſhould not need to plead for that, which you
With ioy ſhould offer. Is my high birth a blemiſh?
Or does my wealth, which all the vaine expence
Of women cannot waſte, breed loathing in you?
The honours I can call mine owne thought ſcandals?
Am I deform'd, or for my Fathers ſinnes
Mulcted by nature? if you interpret theſe
As crimes, 'tis fit I ſhould yeeld vp my ſelfe

Moſt miſerably guiltie. But perhaps
(Which yet I would not credit) you haue ſeene
This gallant, pitch the barre, or beare a burthen
Would cracke the ſhoulders of a weaker bond-man;
Or any other boiſtrous exerciſe,
Aſſuring a ſtrong backe to ſatisfie
Yout looſe deſires, inſatiate as the graue.
Cleora. You are foule mouth'd.
Archid. Ill manner'd too.
Leoſt. I ſpeake
In the way of ſuppoſition, and intreate you
With all the feruor of a conſtant louer,
That you would free your ſelfe from theſe aſperſions,
Or any imputation blacke tongu'd Slaunder
Could throwe on your vnſpotted virgin-whiteneſſe;
To which there is no eaſier way, then by
Vouchſafing him your fauour; him, to whom
Next to the Generall, and the gods, and fautors,
The countrie owes her ſafetie.
Timagoras. Are you ſtupid?
'Slight leape into his armes, and there aske pardon.
O, you expect your ſlaues reply, no doubt
We ſhall haue a fine oration; I will teach
My Spaniell to howle in ſweeter language,
And keepe a better method.
Archid. You forget
The dignitie of the place.
Diph. Silence.
Timo. Speake boldly.
Piſander. 'Tis your authority giues me a tongue,
I ſhould be dumbe elſe; and I am ſecure,
I cannot cloathe my thoughts, and iuſt defence
In ſuch an abiect phraſe, but 'twill appeare
Equall, if not aboue my lowe condition.
I need no bombaſt language, ſtolne from ſuch,
As make Nobilitie from prodigious termes
The hearers vnderſtand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boaſt of, neither can I number

Vncertaine fortunes fauours, with my merits;
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her discretion, that lookes on mee
As a weake man, and not her fancies Idoll.
How I haue lou'd, and how much I haue suffer'd,
And with what pleasure vndergone the burthen
Of my ambitious hopes (in ayming at
The glad possession of a happinesse,
The abstract of all goodnesse in mankinde
Can at no part deserue) with my confession
Of mine owne wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure desires, not blended with
Foule thoughts, that like a Riuer keepes his course,
Retaining still the cleernesse of the spring,
From whence it tooke beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise vp
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I neuer
Durst doubt her constancie, that like a rocke
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waues; nor from my iealous feares
Question that goodnesse, to which as an Altar
Of all perfection, he that truly lou'd,
Should rather bring a sacrifice of seruice,
Then raze it with the engines of suspition;
Of which when he can wash an *Æthiope* white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himselfe;
But till then neuer.

Timago. Bold presumptuous villaine.

Pisan. I will go farther, and make good vpon him.
In the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,
Hee's more vnworthy, then my selfe.

Leosthenes. Thou lyest.

Timago. Confute him with a whippe, and the doubt decided,
Punish him with a halter.

Pisander. O the gods!
My ribs, though made of Brasse can not containe
My heart swolne big with rage. The lye! Whippe! *Plucks off his*
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which *disguise.*

I long haue mask'd diſguis'd; that when they know,
Whom they haue iniur'd, they may faint with horror
Of my reuenge, which wretched men expect,
As ſure as fate to ſuffer.

Leoſthenes. Ha! *Piſander*!

Timagoras. 'Tis the bold Theban!

Aſotus. There's no hope for me then:
I thought I ſhould haue put in for a ſhare,
And borne *Cleora* from them both, but now
This ſtranger lookes ſo terrible, that I dare not
So much as looke on her.

Piſander. Now as my ſelfe,
Thy equall, at thy beſt, *Leoſthenes.*
For you, *Timagoras*; praiſe heau'n, you were borne
Cleora's brother, 'tis your ſafeſt armour.
But I looſe time. The baſe lie caſt vpon me,
I thus returne: thou art a periur'd man,
Falſe and perfidious: And haſt made a tender
Of loue, and ſeruice to this Lady; when
Thy ſoule (if thou haſt any) can beare witneſſe,
That thou wert not thine owne. For proofe of this,
Looke better on this virgin, and conſider
This Perſian ſhape laid by, and ſhe appearing
In a Greekiſh dreſſe, ſuch as when firſt you ſaw her,
If ſhe reſemble not *Piſanders* ſiſter,
One, call'd *Statilia*?

Leoſthenes. 'Tis the ſame! my guilt
So chokes my ſpirits, I cannot denie
My falſhood, nor excuſe it.

Piſander. This is ſhee
To whom thou wert contracted: this the Lady,
That when thou wert my priſoner fairely taken
In the *Spartan* warre, that beg'd thy libertie,
And with it gaue her ſelfe to thee vngratefull.

Timand. No more, Sir, I intreate you; I perceiue
True ſorrow in his lookes, and a conſent
To make me reparation in mine honour,
And then I am moſt happy.

Piſander. The wrong done her,
Drew mee from *Thebes* with a full intent to kill thee:
But this faire obiect, met me in my furie
And quite diſarm'd mo, being deni'd to haue her
By you my Lord *Archidamus*, and not able
To liue farre from her, loue (the Miſtriſſe of
All quaint deuices, prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who as a Pirate ſold me
For a ſlaue to you my Lord, and gaue my Siſter
As a preſent to *Cleora*.
Timoleon. Strange *Meanders*!
Piſan. There how I bare my ſelfe needs no relation.
But if ſo farre deſcending from the height
Of my then flouriſhing fortunes, to the loweſt
Condition of a man, to haue meanes only
To feed my eye, with the ſight of what I honour'd,
The dangers to I vnderwent; the ſuffrings;
The cleereneſſe of my intereſt may deſerue
A noble recompence in your lawfull fauour.
Now 'tis apparent that *Leoſthenes*
Can claime no intereſt in you, you may pleaſe
To thinke vpon my ſeruice.
Cleora. Sir, my want
Of power to ſatiſfie ſo great a debt,
Makes me accuſe my fortune: but if that
Out of the bountie of your hande, you thinke,
A free ſurrender of my ſelfe full payment,
I gladly tender it.
Archidamus. With my conſent to
All iniuries forgotten.
Timagoras. I will ſtudie
In my future ſeruice to deſcerue your fauour
And good opinion.
Leoſthenes. Thus I gladly ſee *Kiſſing Stratilia.*
This Aduocate to plead for me.
Piſander. You will finde me
An eaſie iudge, when I haue yeelded reaſons
Of your Bond-mens falling off from their obedience,

And after, as you please, determine of me.
I found their natures apt to mutinie
From your too cruell vsage; and made triall
How farre they might be wrought on; to instruct you
To looke with more preuention, and care
To what they may hereafter vndertake
Vpon the like occasions. The hurt's little
They haue committed, not was euer cuer
But with some paine effected. I confesse
In hope to force a grant of faire *Cleora*
I vrg'd them to defend the Towne against you;
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that
I was preparing of defence else-where
So soone got entrance; in this I am guiltie,
Now as you please, your censure.

Timoleon. Bring them in,
And though you haue giu'n me power, I doe intreate
Such as haue vndergone their insolence,
It may not be offensiue though I studie
Pitty more then reuenge.

Corisca. 'Twill best become you.

Cleon. I must consent.

Asotus. For me I'le finde a time
To be reueng'd hereafter.

Graeculo, Cimbrio, Pulpilon, Eunuchio, and the rest with Halters.

Graeculo. Giue me leaue,
Ple speake for all.

Timoleon. What canst thou say to hinder
The course of iustice?

Graeculo. Nothing. You may see
Wee are prepar'd for hanging, and confesse
We haue deseru'd it. Our most humble suite is
We may not twice be executed.

Timoleon. 'Twice? how meanest thou!
At the Gallowes first, and after in a Ballad

Sung

Sung to some villanous tune. There are ten-grot-Rimers
About the Towne growne fat on these occasions.
Let but a Chappell fall, or a street be fir'd,
A foolish louer hang himselfe for pure loue,
Or any such like accident, and before
They are cold in their graues, some damn'd Dittie's made
Which makes their ghosts walke. Let the State take order
For the redresse of this abuse, recording
'Twas done by my aduice, and for my part
I'le cut as cleane a caper from the Ladder,
As euer merry Greeke did.

Timoleon. Yet I thinke
You would shew more actiuity to delight
Your Master for a pardon.

Gracculo. O, I would dance. *Capers.*
As I were all ayre, and fire.

Timoleon. And euer be
Obedient and humble?

Gracculo. As his Spaniell,
Though he kickt me for exercise, and the like
I promise for all the rest.

Timoleon. Rise then, you haue it.

All slaues. *Timoleon, Timoleon!*

Timoleon. Cease these clamors.
And now the warre being ended to our wishes,
And such as were the pilgrimage of loue,
Happy in full fruition of their hopes,
'Tis lawfull thankes paid to the powers diuine,
To drowne our cares in honest mirth, and Wine. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

